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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MEDIEVAL ART.

Legends of the Monastic Orders, as represented in the Fine Arts; forming the second series of Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. Longmans.

ART and Religion; the grandest and most ennobling ideas of our nature; the least selfish, the most pure. When these go hand-in-hand, what beauties appear to the eye; what feeling and what sentiments of purity, of devotion, of holiness fill the mind! The very term, 'saintlike,' has been derived from those beautiful and pathetic works of art, many of which have emanated from the retired cloister.

Although not surprising, it is deeply interesting to observe how, from the earliest times, the finest efforts of art have been consecrated to religion. Whether we reflect upon the gigantic works of the Hindoos and Egyptians, or the sublime and refined productions of Greek art, we see the highest inspirations and the best works employed in representing the deities and the legends attached to them. Doubtless among the Greeks, at their most cultivated time, great attention was paid to the decoration of dwelling houses, baths, and the construction of every article of common use according to the dictation of the most refined taste and the innate rules of beauty, which have ever since been the standard of excellence. Yet it is in the glorious and imposing works of Phidias, called by Quintilian "the sculptor of the gods," that we behold the embodiment of a grand idea, as in the Olympian Jupiter, the Minerva, the Theseus, and the other superb works of the Parthenon, either by his hand, or executed under his direction; many of which are happily to be seen among the Elgin marbles of our Museum. Numerous other representations of the legendary deities of the Greeks remain to us as examples of this source of high art, in all of which is to be recognised that intellectual and emotional treatment which we call "grandeur," and which probably would never have been attained had it not been for the superstitious theology of the period, to which must equally be ascribed the models of classical literature. The ideal of tender delicacy and pure beauty was portrayed with the same success in the works of Praxiteles, of which the Apollo Sauroctonos of the Vatican, although considered to be a copy, is an example; his Cnidian Venus, unfortunately for art, exists only in the descriptions of Pliny and Lucian; his fame was, however, so great that people travelled from afar to see it, and the coins of Cnidus bear the effigy of the celebrated statue. Legends connected with Greek art were plentiful enough, and tend to show the divine importance attached to the grand works of their sculptors. Pausanias refers to one about Phidias, who, having been accused by the enemies of his patron, Pericles, of stealing the gold given to him to make a

statue, fled from Athens, and took refuge in Elis, where he executed a statue of Jupiter. Having completed it, in a moment of devotion he fell upon his knees before it, and prayed the god to approve his work; a flash of lightning darted from the sky and struck the pavement of the temple before his eyes. The enthusiastic sculptor believed in the favour of his deity, and placed a brazen vase upon the spot in commemoration of the miracle.

To the supernatural of traditional legends, whether of what is called the mythology of the heathen religions, or of the Jewish and Christian periods, is to be attributed much of the beauty and fascinating charm of some of the finest works of art; and the study of the antique feeling by Angelo and Raffaele led to the revival of art in Italy, and conferred the highest charm upon the sublime productions of their time.

The work before us treats only of Christian art; in it we have a very complete and interesting collection of the legends associated with the saints of the various orders, of the Benedictines, the Augustines, the Mendicants, the Jesuits, and the order of the Visitation of St. Mary. The origin of the orders and the legendary lives of the founder are given at the head of the account of each order, with the name in various languages, the habit or dress, and the attributes or usual insignia. Then follow the memoirs of the various sainted personages of the order. A distinction is pointed out between the beatified and the canonized:—

"The decree of beatification did not confer the privilege of being invoked as intercessor and portrayed in the churches; it was merely a declaration that the personage distinguished for holiness of life had been received into bliss, and thence received the title of *Beato*, Blessed. The bull of canonization was a much more solemn ordinance, and conferred a species of divinity: it was the apotheosis of a being supposed to have been endowed while on earth with privileges above humanity, with miraculous powers; and regarded with such favour by Christ, whom he had imitated on earth, that his prayers and intercessions before the throne of grace might avail for those whom he had left in the world. To obtain the canonization of one of their members became with each community an object of ambition. The popes frequently used their prerogative in favour of an Order to which they had belonged, or which they regarded with particular interest. Sometimes the favour was obtained through the intercession of crowned heads.

"In the monastic pictures it is most especially necessary to ascertain the date of the canonization in order to settle the identity of the personage."

Mrs. Jameson explains that the present work is part of a whole scheme begun in her former book, *The Sacred and Legendary Art*; an attempt—

"To interpret, as far as I could in a limited space, and with very imperfect knowledge, those works of Art which the churches and galleries of the Continent, and our own rich collections, have rendered familiar to us as objects of taste, while they have remained unappreciated as subjects of thought;—to show that, while we have been satis-

fied to regard sacred pictures merely as decorations, valued more for the names appended to them than for their own sakes, we have not sufficiently considered them as books—as poems—as having a vitality of their own for good and for evil, and that thus we have shut out a vast source of delight and improvement, which lay in the way of many, even the most uneducated in the technicalities of Art."

Our authoress also takes some pains to exonerate herself from the blame of not having made her book Roman Catholic, asserting that, not being of that faith, she could not conscientiously write as though impelled by its doctrines, and pointing out that her aim has been to treat the subject artistically and "esthetically," not religiously; although "not leaving wholly aside aspects of character and morals which this department of the fine arts, the representations of the monastic life, necessarily place before us."

Many who, like ourselves, own to a feeling for the monastic works of art, and even to a liking for the stiffness and poverty of the Byzantine and early German works, can hardly have repressed a laugh at some of the perpetrations, intended by the worthy painter to produce a very different effect on beholders; still, as Mrs. Jameson, with nice feeling, remarks,—

"Even where the impersonation has been, through ignorance or incapacity, most imperfect and inadequate, it is still consecrated through its original purpose, and through its relation to what we hold to be most sacred, most venerable, most beautiful, and most gracious, on earth or in heaven."

She excepts, however, the representation of the monastic devotees, and *naively* says:—

"Here, the pleasure and the interest are of a more mingled nature, good and ill together. At the very outset we are shocked by what seems a violation of the first principles of Art. Monachism is not the consecration of the beautiful, even in idea; it is the apotheosis of deformity and suffering. What can be more unpromising, as subjects for the artist, than the religious Orders of the Middle Ages, where the first thing demanded has been the absence of beauty and the absence of colour? Ascetic faces, attenuated forms, dingy dark draperies, the mean, the squalid, the repulsive, the absolutely painful,—these seem most uncongenial materials, out of which to evolve the poetic, the graceful, and the elevating! True, this has been done, and done in some cases so effectually, that we meet constantly with those whose perceptions have become confused, whose taste is in danger of being vitiated through the conventional associations awakened by the present passion for what is called Medieval Art. But with all our just admiration and sympathy for greatness achieved through the inspiration of faith and feeling, in spite of imperfect means and imperfect knowledge, let us not confound things which, in their very essence, are incompatible. Pain is pain; ugliness is ugliness; the quaint is not the graceful. Therefore, dear friends, be not deceived!—every long-limbed, long-eyed, long-draped saint is not 'a Giotto'; nor every meagre simpering nun, or woe-begone monk, 'a Beato Angelico.'"

A well-merited tribute is rendered to the "poring monks," to whom we owe so many

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preserved and precious records, and the accomplishment of such laborious literary undertakings:—

"But for the monks, the light of liberty, and literature, and science, had been for ever extinguished; and that, for six centuries, there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There, Learning trimmed her lamp; there, Contemplation 'pruned her wings'; there the traditions of Art, preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive, in form and colour, the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth,—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield,—of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim on our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their Order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the Church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion,—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry."

If, then, it may be said that the Roman Catholic religion afforded a substitution of ideal and imposing services for the more rational, if less saintly, consolations of Protestantism, it must be allowed that in pursuing the design of this particular form of Christianity, an earnest and devoted feeling has been encouraged, with that romantic sentiment and love of beauty, which together constitute a condition of the mind most fruitful for art: just the same as led to the creation of such grand works among the ancient Greeks.

The colour and form of the habit are of importance in deciding the name of any monastic personage; and it is to be borne in mind that these were sometimes altered by a sect of any order; so there are white Benedictines and black, grey Franciscans and brown:—

"The tonsure, the shaven crown, has been from very early times one of the distinguishing signs of the priesthood. To shave the head, was anciently an expression of penitence and mourning, and was thence adopted by the primitive hermits in the solitudes of Egypt. The form of the tonsure was settled by the Synod of Toledo in 633; and the circle of short hair left round the head has since been styled the *clerical crown* (corona clericalis). The Carthusians alone of the Monkish Orders shaved the whole head, in sign of greater austerity."

"I do not know what is the specific rule of the different Orders with regard to beards; but in the pictures we find long beards worn only by the early Benedictines, the Hermits, and the Capuchins."

The attributes are of equal importance to those who wish to understand the intention and real feeling of the works of art connected with the saints and their legends,—the palm, a lamb, a fish, a raven, the sun, an open book, the cross, the star on the breast, the scourge, walking upon the sea, and many other signs,* are all indicative of meaning, and Mrs. Jameson's book will be found most useful as well as interesting in the study of old pictures of the sacred kind. But besides the various effigies of the saints which adorn the book, and the many celebrated pictures alluded to, the legends will be read with curious interest, and the following philippic against gossiping

"Two ladies of an illustrious family had joined the sisterhood of St. Scholastica. Though in other respects exemplary and faithful to their religious profession, they were much given to scandal and vain talk; which being told to St. Benedict, it displeased him greatly; and he sent to them a message, that if they did not refrain their tongues and set a better example to the community he would excommunicate them. The nuns were at first alarmed and penitent, and promised amendment; but the habit was too strong for their good resolves; they continued their vain and idle talking, and, in the midst of their folly, they died. And being of great and noble lineage, they were buried in the church near the altar; and afterwards, on a certain day, as St. Benedict solemnized mass at that altar, and at the moment when the officiating deacon uttered the usual words, 'Let those who are excommunicated, and forbidden to partake, depart and leave us;' behold! the two nuns rose up from their graves, and in the sight of all the people, with faces drooping and averted, they glided out of the church. And thus it happened every time that the mass was celebrated there, until St. Benedict, taking pity upon them, absolved them from their sins, and they rested in peace."

We are corrected for supposing St. Augustine the first Christian missionary:—

"It appears to me that our modern artists, and particularly the decorators of our national edifices, are under a mistake in assuming this view to be consonant with the truth of history. St. Augustine preached in England that form of Christianity which had been promulgated by the Hierarchs of the West. He was the instrument by which the whole island was brought under the papal power. But Christianity and a knowledge of the Scriptures had shone upon Britain three centuries at least before the time of Augustine."

Of St. Swithen, Bishop of Winchester, 862, of pluvial memory, whose attribute Mrs. Jameson suggests might well have been a waterspout, we read,—

"That while presiding over the erection of a bridge near his city of Winchester, a poor old woman complained to him that some insolent workman had broken all the eggs in her basket; whereupon, the good bishop restored them all; or, according to the popular legend which converts the simple act of justice and charity into a miracle, he *restored* the broken eggs by making them whole. He had ordered that his body should be buried among the poor, outside the church, 'under the feet of the passengers, and exposed to the droppings of the eaves from above.' When his clergy attempted to remove the body to a more honourable tomb inside the church, there came on such a storm of rain as effectually stopped the procession; and this continued for forty days without intermission, till the project was abandoned, and his remains were suffered to rest in the humble grave he had chosen for himself."

The legend of St. Edmund, king and martyr, is connected with the origin of a well-known town. After the noble young king had been defeated by the infidel Danes near Thetford, he fled with his friend Humbert to the church, but his pursuers killed him with their arrows, and cut off his head:—

"When the Christians came forth from their hiding-places, they sought everywhere for the remains of the martyred king; and then appeared a wonderful and unheard-of prodigy, for they found a huge grey wolf of the wood watching over the severed head. Then they, taking it up boldly and reverently, carried it to the place of interment, followed by the wolf. And, after many years, a great church and monastery was erected over his remains; and around them rose a town, called, in memory of him, Bury St. Edmunds, which name it retains to this day."

"In the old effigies, St. Edmund bears an arrow in his hand, which is his proper attribute, and is sometimes accompanied by the 'grey wolf' crouching at his side."

St. Clotilda is said to have Christianized France; she was the wife of Clovis, and a princess of Burgundy. She is represented in royal robes, attended by an angel bearing a shield, on which are seen the three *fleurs-de-lis*, the ancient and famous insignia of chivalrous France; Clovis, the fierce and warlike, was the object of her wifely solicitude:—

"By her prayers and alms she hoped to obtain the conversion of her husband, who, for a long time, resisted her and the holy men whom she had called to her aid. At length, as the historians tell us, Clovis having led his army against the Huns, and being in imminent danger of a shameful defeat, recommended himself to the God of his Clotilda: the tide of battle turned; he obtained a complete victory, and was baptized by St. Remi, to the infinite joy of Clotilda. On this occasion, says the legend, not only was the cruce of holy oil miraculously brought by a dove (figuring the Holy Ghost), but, owing to a vision of St. Clotilda, the lilies were substituted in the arms of France for the three frogs or toads (*Cypripede*) which Clovis had formerly borne on his shield. In the famous Bedford missal presented to Henry VI. when he was crowned king of France, this legend, with appropriate and significant flattery, is introduced in a beautiful miniature."

Of the patron saints of Ireland,—

"The Church of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, at Down, was destroyed by Sir Leonard Grey in the reign of Henry VIII. Other memorials of these patrons perished in the desolating wars of Elizabeth; and whatever religious relics, dear and venerable to the hearts of the Irish, may have survived the first period of the Reformation, were utterly swept away by the savage Puritans under Cromwell. In London the name of St. Bridget survives in the beautiful Church of St. Bride in Fleet Street, and the Palace (now the Prison) of Bridewell."

"As the Apostle of Ireland he ought to wear a gown with a hood, and a leathern girdle; in one hand a staff and wallet, in the other the Gospel of Christ: he should not be represented old, because, though dates are very uncertain, it is most probable that he was still a young man when he first came to Ireland. At his feet or under his feet should be a serpent. The standard with the cross, the proper attribute of the missionary saints who overcame idolatry, would also belong to him."

Closing this interesting volume, we must not forget to say how admirably the etchings of saints, and even of some great pictures done 'in little,' have been executed by the hand of the authoress; the rare saint-like expression is never wanting in the heads, showing with what feeling and tasteful direction her work has been pursued.

TURKEY: STATUS QUO.

The Devil in Turkey; or, Scenes in Constantinople. By Stephanos Xenos. 3 vols. Wilson.

This work purports to be translated from the author's unpublished Greek manuscript, by Mr. Henry Corpe, and has every appearance of authenticity. Its popular Asmodean title which is a great publishing "stick," is legitimately derived from the adventures of a Frank physician, whose acquaintance with science enables him to play the Devil with Turkish ignorance and superstition, and to escape, by his miracles with phosphorus and other means, from many a desperate peril. With respect to the management of the story, we must say that it is



For our review of Dr. Hussenbeth's *Emblem of Saints*, in *Literary Gazette*, No. 1757—a capital guide to these representations.—Ed. L. G.

dramatic, ingenious, and inventive; only that the last word of eulogy must not be understood as implying that it is a world of fiction, instead of a substantially true representation of the Turkish empire and its diverse population as now existent. But the author has adopted and defended the Novel system for exhibiting his characters and incidents, as the best calculated for impression and effect upon the minds of his readers, whilst he assures them that he is all the while describing real persons and actual events. That we are not altogether convinced of the force of this reasoning may be our obtuseness; but in such cases, being of opinion that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is not only the best in principle, but in method and efficacy, we give M. Xenos the benefit of his own argument to prove that Lying like Truth is preferable to Truth itself!

"Fiction (he says) is probably the best mode of exhibiting truths in the clearest light. By the aid of fiction we can enter into the cabins of the poor, the palaces of the most sanguinary princes, the abodes of the ignorant, and the closets of the learned.

"When a novelist has no private spleen to gratify, no interest to serve, but is actuated simply by the desire of describing events that possibly might happen, but which have not actually occurred,—to pourtray in striking colours a good or a bad character, although such a character is rarely to be found,—to eulogize every virtue, although he may somewhat exaggerate it,—and dwells with ecstasy on everything that is bright and beautiful, though it may not be a perfect paradise;—we say, when a writer ingeniously interweaves these materials in his work,—then the ideal world into which he conducts the imagination of his reader is nothing more than an exemplification of the one in which we live, though possibly somewhat more highly coloured than that which we witness in every-day life;—but with this difference,—the impressions proceeding from the former kindle up the most lively emotions; because felt in a moment of repose, at a time when the mind is free from prejudice and prepossession, they move us to sympathise in the sufferings of the virtuous, and produce a feeling of hatred and indignation against the bad. This is an advantage which neither history, in its rigid adherence to fact, nor any other kind of writing, can produce.

"I said to myself, the Greek nation is at length emancipated from the shackles of slavery, with which it has been fettered for so many ages. During this period it had no press, and was plunged in the darkness of ignorance. Even in the present day, notwithstanding the establishment of schools, we have made very little progress in literature; we ought, therefore, at first to be furnished with novels, which will excite curiosity and an inclination to read. When this has been effected, we can proceed to the study of works of a more classical kind.

"Such, then, were the incentives that urged me to undertake this Novel, in the hope that it would be productive of some benefit to my fellow-countrymen in Greece."

Allowing to this statement the consideration it deserves, and there are, *quantum valeat*, some good points in it, we may farther acknowledge that the form chosen does keep all the otherwise loose and separate circumstances well in hand together, and creates a continuous interest from first to last. *Ergo*, if the colouring or exaggerations have not far outleapt the verity of facts, *The Devil in Turkey* may be received not so much as the Father of Lies, as the trusty delineator of matters as black as himself.

A long succession of scenes exhibit a wicked, remorseless Vizir and his accomplices committing every atrocity of which human nature could be guilty, and involving individuals of every class—from the highest Sultana and the Padishah himself, to the lowest official or beggar within the sway of unlimited despotism. They are, as we have said, connected together by the inventions of the writer, and the whole wound up in a poetic *dénouement*. The heads of the chapters indicate pretty correctly the various features of the general picture. There are the Ambuscade, the Dream, the Escape, the Discovery, the Elopement, the Rencontre, the Burglars, the Two Chaplets of the Prophet, the Christians' Devil, Punishment, the Treasure Chest, the Jews' Communion, the Forced Marriage, Doings at Smyrna, the Mesmerist, the Dinner, the Ball, the Duel, the Catastrophe, &c. &c.; and every one of these is a new phase in the painting of manners and development of the drama. The Devil being thus shown to be Legion, it will be perceived that no review can do justice to his multiform metamorphoses, or the strange adventures, intrigues, oppressions, cruelties, wonderful casualties, and monstrous crimes, which pervade the matter of some fourteen or fifteen hundred pages, all revealing interior portions of the huge disjointed Turkish Empire, now evidently struggling into a mighty political and religious change.

The proceedings of the Vizir and his accomplices afford a series of atrocities which we would fain believe to be impossible, but, besides poisoning, murdering, torturing, and executing persons of both sexes and all ages and ranks, we select one example of barbarity which, from the novelty of its characteristics, stands apart from the better known modes of arbitrary dealings with life and death:—

"We now return to the Grand Vizir's palace, situated on the rapids of Arnout-kien.

"Some days had now elapsed since the evening of the memorable conflagration at Tatalva; and the Vizir had not been able to obtain an audience with the Sultan, who was labouring under indisposition from a cold caught on that eventful night.

"In the meantime, Mazar Pasha arrived from Adrianople, bringing with him Abdoulah, governor of that city. On their arrival, the Governor was subjected to a rigorous examination; but as he positively declared he had witnessed with his own eyes the death of Daniel Coccalos, and as the Vizir was satisfied that the Governor could have had no connivance with the courtiers of the Sultan, he concluded that the intelligence he had received from his emissaries respecting the flight of that individual was erroneous. He was further confirmed in this opinion by the information he had received recently from Adrianople, by which he learned that the Governor had received an invitation from the Grand Mufti, who wished him to be present at some religious conference. Under all circumstances, however, he thought it would be prudent to keep that officer, at least for the present, under close and secret confinement, and afterwards to act as emergencies required.

"But there was one circumstance which made a deeper impression on the Vizir's mind than any other. This was the unaccountable, the mysterious abstraction of the Prophet's two strings of beads.

"We forbear giving a description of his furious rage, and the threats he uttered on discovering his loss. It is enough to say, that in the first ebullitions of his anger, the very walls of the palace shook from the loudness of the tone in which they were expressed. We will come at once to the *dénouement*.

"One night, very late, the Vizir, with his

favourite Mazar Pasha close to his side, was sitting on his cherished sofa, that inanimate witness of the late mysteries of the palace, and was pondering upon everything that had so unaccountably happened, when all at once, rousing himself from his reverie, he fixed his eyes upon his faithful Pylades.

"'Ishmael!' said he, 'those chaplets have been stolen, intentionally stolen; there must be some lurking villain in the palace, who is acquainted with their value, and knows to whom they belong. But among eight hundred individuals who compose my household, how am I to fasten the suspicion upon any of them. I have, however, hit upon a plan for the purpose of detecting the culprit. The ordeal of the key shall be tried; and the man on whom it falls shall be tortured into confession. We will make the experiment upon my Tehocandars first. Thirty of the first rank shall be summoned, and the key thrown among them. Guel! Guel!'

"At this summons, Ali made his appearance at the door.

"'Ali! summon thirty of my principal guards;' the order was obeyed, and the room immediately filled.

"'Ali! fetch the key and the sieve, and on whomsoever the key shall fall, he is the villain who has stolen my beads! those beads that were lost some days ago, and which I have not been able to find again.'

"Thereupon the Ethiopian took up a sieve, and forthwith the most ghastly horror was depicted on the countenances of those who were about to be submitted to the ordeal, each fervently praying to himself that he might escape the fatal lot. The deepest silence prevailed throughout the room, every one waiting in anxious trepidation. At length, the silence was broken by a general shout of acclamation, and the fingers of all were pointed towards the unfortunate Hassan, at whose feet the key had fallen.

"'I am innocent!' exclaimed the poor wretch. 'I call the Prophet to witness I am innocent; but alas, the denunciation of the holy Prophet is realized, and has fallen upon my devoted head.'

"All his protestations were fruitless; his despotic master was deaf to everything but the dictates of his arbitrary will. He ordered immediate infliction of the punishment, and swore that every one of his servants should undergo the same, unless the culprit was discovered.

"This punishment was horrid; the victim's breast was bored through, and a cotton wick passed through it, so as to come out at the back. This was afterwards ignited, so that the sufferer might, in his agony from the severity of the torture, be forced into a confession of his guilt.

"Hassan was the identical individual who, more venturesome than his comrades, had dared to thrust his head in at the prison door on the occasion when the fiery letters spread terror and consternation among the rest. He was the lover of Orcas, to whom, in her chamber, the Prophet had revealed himself in all his splendour, and on whom he had imposed a strict injunction not to divulge anything she had heard or seen.

"Having poured forth a fervent prayer, the miserable man bared his brawny and hairy chest, and quietly submitted to his fate, protesting all the time he was innocent.

"Everything being ready, that callous-hearted monster in human form, the imperturbable Ali, fixed a gimlet exactly between the two paps, and proceeded, with incredible coolness, (notwithstanding the heartrending screams of the victim, who was held fast by others during the operation,) to force it into the quivering flesh, until it came out between two of the vertebrae of the backbone. He then drew out the instrument, and passed the wick, by means of a long bodkin, right through the orifice, till it came out on the other side. This part of the infernal work was done with wonderful skill and rapidity. The wick, which had been steeped in some inflammable solution, was then lighted, with the view of burning the sufferer's

entrails. Then succeeded a spectacle of horror surpassing all conception. The miserable wretch being let loose, threw himself on the floor, writhing with agony; he rolled about, uttering piercing screams and praying for mercy; but all was unavailing.

"Meanwhile the inexorable tyrant, the merciless Vizir, seemed to gloat upon the diabolical scene. He fixed his threatening looks upon the trembling wretch, and declared sternly, that unless the beads were restored, the whole of them should undergo the same punishment. At this moment a shrill piercing cry proceeded from the bottom of the stairs, and presently an Ottoman female, clothed all in white, glided into the room, and, having thrown her eyes around, rushed with the rapidity of lightning towards Hassan, and falling upon him, endeavoured to extinguish the fire that was consuming his inside.

"Away with her, and put her to death!" roared Dalbatan Pasha, who, in his frenzied passion, rose from his seat, and rushing towards her, seized her round the waist, in order to tear her from her lover, around whose body her arms were clasped.

"Who, and what are you?" cried he, and with these words, in the struggle, he tore the veil which covered her face, and displayed the well-known features of the beautiful and intrepid Orca. The guards advanced towards her in a threatening attitude, and were on the point of dragging her away, when the unhappy female, in a deliberate and dignified manner, exclaimed, 'Forbear!—forbear!—it was I who abstracted the strings of beads;—this man is therefore guiltless. Save him!—oh, save him from these cruel fires, and I will disclose everything I know.'

"The Vizir and Ishmael were thunderstruck. The former ordered immediate attention to be given to Hassan; but it was too late; for though they succeeded in putting out the fire, so great had been his sufferings, that nature was exhausted, and the wretched victim of tyranny expired in the most excruciating agony."

We need not detail what followed, nor quote other specimens of these horrors. Suffice it to say that the guilty are at last overtaken by condign punishment; and that at the close, the moral against capital inflictions is maintained, at least in the instance of the most heinous criminal.

In conclusion, *The Devil in Turkey* will supply abundance of curious characteristic and painfully interesting reading, and we are well disposed to acquiesce in the author's modest petition, when he says, "there may be a few *oversights* which the reader is requested to overlook."

WELSH LITERATURE.

Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan. By Elijah Waring. London and Dublin: Gilpin. Edinburgh: Blacks. Caermarthen: White and Sons. Llandover: Rees.

It seems a fortunate coincidence for the public interest in the work, that these memorials of the old and famed Bard, Iolo Morganwg, should appear at the very time when the observation of an Eisteddfod had renewed popular attention to Druidical and Bardic themes. Among the latest of the bards, Edward Williams, entitled Iolo Morganwg, will long preserve a foremost place; and indeed, we may say that for learning, research into the ancient language and antiquities of Wales, an acquaintance with traditions and legends, and the collection of innumerable materials calculated to throw a light upon the earliest and darkest periods; he has hardly had a compeer in the entire cycle and history of

Bardism. True, it is pitiable to think how much of what he laboriously got together, during patient devotedness for more than half a century to the pursuit, has been destroyed or lost; and how little has ever been arranged so as to be available for the conveyance of knowledge. But Williams was a strange, eccentric, and visionary creature, who spent a long life of above four-score years in preparing everything and finishing nothing! He was the son of a poor mason, and followed his father's trade: but the love of archaeology took possession of his soul; and never was there a stronger instance in human nature of a being possessed with a master passion ruling his every action, and prevailing to the very death. Without following him through his curious course, as dilated upon by Mr. Waring, we shall detach such portions of his biography as we consider best adapted to exhibit his personal character and habits, and illustrate some of the subjects which stimulated his exertions and engrossed his faculties, and seem most worthy of attention in a *Literary Gazette*. With his democracy and religious opinions, his acquaintance with Brothers the Prophet, and Priestly, and Tom Payne, and Southey, (who frequently mentions him in *Madoc* and his *Letters*), we shall have nothing to do or say; except that he had his own ways of thinking, and, apparently, did not quite agree with anybody else, and was exceedingly peremptory a maintaining them in their inviolability against all comers.

Two odd-looking portraits of him adorn the volume, the first inscribed "Bardd Braint a Defod;" and he is thus described:—

"He wore buckles in his shoes, and a pair of remarkably stout well-set legs were vouchers for the great peripatetic powers he was well known to possess. A pair of canvas wallets were slung over his shoulders, one depending in front, the other behind. These contained a change of linen, and a few books and papers connected with his favourite pursuits. He generally read as he walked, 'with spectacles on nose,' and a pencil in his hand, serving him to make notes as they suggested themselves. A tall staff, which he grasped at about the level of his ear, completed his travelling equipment; and he was accustomed to assign as a reason for this mode of using it, that it tended to expand the pectoral muscles, and thus, in some degree, relieve a pulmonary malady inherent in his constitution."

"No observant person could have seen this old wayfarer, without giving him more than a passing glance; but few would have suspected, that beneath an exterior so humble, lived a mind rich in various lore, ancient and modern; that to an intimate acquaintance with the antiquities, genius, and history of his own fatherland, was added a general knowledge of the history of the world; and that, whilst doting on obscure literature, British, Norman, and Runic, he was no stranger to the classic Muse, or the illustrious records of Athens and Rome. Such, however, was the outward man, and such the mental attainments of EDWARD WILLIAMS, better known throughout the Principality by his bardic cognomen, IOLO MORGANWG, which, being literally interpreted, is *Nod of Glamorgan*, Iolo being the diminutive of *Iorwath*, the Welsh version of Edward, but more properly written *Idwal*, as I have his own authority for stating."

Of his family it is also told:—

"The late Taliesin Williams, well and honourably known as AB IOLO, was the Bard's only son; and he repeatedly declared his intention of publishing such a work; but alas! the venerable father's grave has been opened to receive all that was mortal of *Ab Iolo*, and the biography of IOLO MORGANWG remains to be written."

"In February, 1847, this event put an end to my anticipations of seeing a finished Memoir of my old friend, and I cannot learn that, amongst the numerous relics of AB IOLO's kindred genius, any preparations for it have been found. Possessing the taste of his sire for Welsh literature and antiquity, with ready talents for writing, he also inherited much of the paternal tendency to procrastination; but he did not die without leaving memorials of his superior intellect, as well as arranging the Bard's multitudinous collection of MSS., which are bound in no fewer than seventy-six uniform volumes. These trophies of the good old man's industry and patriotic zeal must contain a large portion of interesting matter for Welsh archaeologists, and students in the literature of the Cymry."

Whether these relics can be investigated to any useful purpose we cannot decide, but we trust that some zealous and able Welsh antiquary will at any rate explore them—some Arch-Druid or Druid fresh from Rhyddlan Castle.

Edward Williams was most simple and benevolent—an inveterate pedestrian, and if forced to accept a horse for any of his journeys, he would lead or drive it along, but not mount it; he was an enormous tea-drinker, and always slept in a chair, and could not or would not repose on a bed—in short, he was, as we have intimated, an Eccentric of the first order. Thus, for example, his biographer relates,—

"One of his odd conceits had been, that mankind have not only invented strange complications of diet, but wholly departed from the simple aliment provided by nature. He demurred to the definition of man as 'a cooking animal,' and thought our stomachs as well adapted to graminaceous food, as those of horses and sheep. He found an eccentric comrade, who agreed to join him in putting this theory to the test of experience. They were perambulating a thinly populated district of North Wales, and devoted a whole day of their rambles to grazing, instead of seeking customary refreshment. Before sunset, however, both were overcome by such a longing for bread and cheese, that they hastened to procure some, and made a most compensating supper upon it, abandoning all thoughts of returning to the green diet of *Nebuchadnezzar*. When the Bard had recounted this adventure, a facetious gentleman present subjoined, that the most amusing part of it had been suppressed. 'The Bard has not told you, how he and his friend were caught grazing a clover-field by the owner, and how he drove them into the parish pound for the trespass, like any other stray cattle.' At this sally no one was more diverted than the object of it, who merrily replied that, certainly he did not remember the incident, but thought such an episode in perfect keeping with the main argument."

"As a sleeping guest, never did any one give less trouble—none of the customary preparations were required for him—no airing of sheets—no making up of beds—for he used neither. If there was one arm-chair with a higher back than the rest, it was placed for him by the fire in the winter, and wherever it pleased him in the summer; with a table before him for books, pens, ink, and paper, and a candle. Thus he read, wrote, and slept, by turns as mind or body dictated, and generally let himself out of the house at the first beams of morning for a walk before breakfast. A chronic disease, supposed to be asthma, rendered it impossible for him to respire when recumbent, so that for many years he could not be said to know the luxury of perfect rest."

"Under the influence of the times it is not surprising that Edward Williams should have turned his attention to America, as the happy refuge of liberty, political and religious; not then aware how deeply that country is stained with the abhorred

blood-spot of negro slavery, which he detested beyond expression. His purpose of emigration was so serious, that he entered on a singular course of preparation for a life in the backwoods. His primary object was to explore the interior of the great western continent, in search of a Welsh colony supposed still to exist there, the descendants of adventurers who went thither in the twelfth century, under the conduct of Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales. Reasonably anticipating great exposure and privation during such an enterprise, the Bard determined on dispensing, as far as possible, with the accommodations of civilized life, and with this object lived wholly in the fields and woods, exposed to all weathers, and sleeping sometimes on the ground, sometimes among the branches of umbrageous trees. The consequences were a severe rheumatic attack, and the ultimate abandonment of the whole project."

But it is more our business to pass from the personal to the literary matters, and we flatter ourselves that the general reader will be interested in the subjoined views of Cymry antiquities:—

"The Bard's enthusiasm for the primitive institutions of Britain, led him to investigate the principles of the Druidical fathers, with a peculiar bias, and a firm persuasion that he should find them marked by far more wisdom and beneficence than is popularly attributed to them. This is still a *verba querit* amongst antiquaries, and the late Reverend Edward Davies, author of *The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, has zealous partisans for a theory hostile to that of *Iolo Morganwg*, whilst other investigators see discrepancies in both, leaving an ample margin for ingenious conjecture. The question is involved in a remote obscurity, that forbids anything like mathematical demonstration: each theorist has, therefore, a wide field of his own; but there can be little doubt, that many gross misrepresentations have long been entertained as authentic.* *Iolo* declared the result of his inquiries to be, an identification of pure or primitive Druidism with the patriarchal religion of the Old Testament, still further elevated by an approximation to Christianity in its pacific spirit; and he was accustomed to inveigh fiercely against the stories of Caesar, Strabo, Suetonius, Diodorus Siculus, and others, attributing many absurd superstitions to the priests of a worship held in contempt by those writers, because it was unknown to the Pantheon, and was taught by people whom they regarded as barbarians. He contended that the prejudices of the Roman invaders mistook the public execution of criminals for a religious rite, and called in the aid of their heathen imaginations for the invention of British idols which never existed. It was not easy to make him listen patiently when the rectitude of these impressions was called in question—"You are talking of what you don't understand—of what none but a Welshman and a British Bard can possibly understand," was his common form of speech on these occasions, and the objector was silenced, if not convinced."

Ghost stories, superstitions, and traditions, (as we have hinted,) were all familiar to the Bard; and the following passages refer to some of these topics. Of one of the superstitions:—

"*The Cwn Wybir*, Dogs of the Sky, otherwise called *Cwn Annwn*, Dogs of Hell, (or of the Abyss) imaginary spirits of the same family as the diabolical sky hunts of German demonology. They are heard in the deep gloom of night, over some dreary mountain or moorland district, appalling the be-nighted traveller, or the lonely dwellers in those remote places, by baying or yelling in the most

horrid chorus. They are not, however, accused of doing any harm, beyond the torments they are supposed to inflict on disembodied spirits, abandoned to their mercy in the region of air; doubtless, in retribution for some heinous sins committed on earth.

"It was after the Bard's death that I asked the late ingenious and well-informed Mr. William Weston Young, then residing at Newton Nottage, in Glamorgan, and riding or walking in all directions, indifferently by night or by day, whether he had ever heard the *Cwn Wybir* in his nocturnal travels. He replied in the affirmative, and said, the strange aerial noises had at first greatly startled and perplexed him. Mr. Young, however, was not superstitious, and being a good naturalist, was observant of the notes of birds, and of the remarkable variation between the diurnal and nocturnal note of the same species; the latter often producing a supernatural effect when heard in darkness and solitude. He suspected these *Cwn Wybir* to be really some gregarious birds flying by night; and at length perfectly satisfied his own mind on the subject. In the course of his business as a land surveyor, he was on his pony one intensely dark night, crossing a desolate tract of mountain, when he heard the most extraordinary yelping and clamorous noises over his head, in various keys, not unlike the cries of hounds and huntsmen in full chase. He looked intently upwards, but the darkness was impenetrable. His quick ear, however, soon caught a rushing sound, which he knew was the burr of pinions against the air, and presently a large flight of curlews descended so near him that some of their wings brushed his hat, as they swept obliquely down to the heather. They had no sooner settled on their feet than the *Cwn Wybir* ceased to be heard. He then recollected having heard the same peculiar nocturnal cry from the curlew on former occasions, but had never before encountered such an overpowering orchestra of these wild serenaders upon the wing. Mr. Young admitted, that nothing could be more natural than the terror of a superstitious or uninformed person at the strange aerial cries he had listened to that night, amidst mountain echoes, and in so desolate a spot."

As a specimen of his traditional lore, we copy the following historical fragment, preserving an adventure of old British and Norman knighthood, which we agree with the author deserves further authentication:—

"About the year 1400, the Welsh were so much oppressed by Henry IV., as to excite an insurrection, which was headed by Owen Glendowr, who also was a legitimate descendant of the ancient native princes of Wales. Earl Mortimer had married the daughter of Owen, and sided with him against King Henry. Owen had been very successful for several years, and being with his son-in-law, Earl Mortimer, in Glamorgan, reconnoitring the country, he was known, and proper intelligence given to the Norman barons of Glamorgan, who were all in favour of the king. Amongst others of those barons was Sir Laurence Berkrols, of East Orchard, or St. Athan's Castle, as it was then called, who had armed all his tenants and dependents, and had sent them in quest of Owen, in every direction; promising very great rewards if they could intercept him, and bring him, either dead or alive, to St. Athan's Castle. This became known to Owen, who, dressed as a plain country gentleman, with Earl Mortimer dressed as his servant, went to the castle of Sir Laurence pretty late in the evening, and having knocked at the gate, asked if a gentleman and his servant, who had lost their way, might have lodging for a night. They were answered in the affirmative, and conducted in, where every hospitality was shown them. The next day the weather was bad, and they were asked to stay a day, or as much longer as necessary, till the weather became fair. This they did, and when they departed, Owen, giving his hand to Sir Laurence, addressed him thus:—

"Owen Glendowr gives his hand to Sir Laurence Berkrols, and thanks him for the kindness and hospitality that he and Earl Mortimer, under the guise of a servant, have experienced in Sir Laurence's castle; and promises that neither he nor any of those connected with him, will ever avenge the injury to him and his friends, that was intended and attempted by Sir Laurence—and assures Sir Laurence that he may rest unmolested in his castle, as far as his influence may be sufficient to secure this to him;" and so they parted.

"Sir Laurence was so struck with astonishment at what he heard, and had happened, that he became absolutely dumb, and it is said never spoke a word afterwards. Sir Laurence Berkrols lived several years afterwards, and (if I well remember) died in the fifteenth year of the reign of Henry V., and the Stradlings of St. Donat's Castle, in right of a marriage with the sister and heiress of Sir Laurence, became possessed of the estate: in which family it continued till the death of Sir Thomas Stradling, the last of the family, about the year 1750, when a litigation for it took place, which ended in an Act of Parliament being obtained; and under it the St. Athan estate was sold to the late Charles Wyndham, afterwards, by change of surname, Charles Edwin, Esq., of Dunraven, who afterwards sold it to the late Robert Jones, Esq., of Fommon Castle, whose son, the present Robert Jones, sold it to Mr. Rayer, a London wine merchant, and son of the late Mrs. Rayer, the landlady of the Booth Hall Inn in the city of Gloucester.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

(To be continued.)

CENTO.

Death's Jest Book; or, The Fool's Tragedy.
Pickering.

THERE is a nice critical question raised by publications similar to this. A well-known author, doubtful of the absolute value or public estimation of his genius, chooses to depart from the customary course, and, instead of relying on his name, try an anonymous experiment in order to comprehend his real position in the World of Letters. He thus stands upon new ground, and avoids the usual mangle of comparison with himself. Now, under such circumstances, (almost invariably communicated to individuals in our position, either confidentially or through the freemasonry that runs through the literary circles in which we move,) ought we, or ought we not to let the secret out, and tell our readers that the concealed author is Scott, Bulwer, James, Talfourd, Lockhart, Marston, Tennyson, Dickens, or whoever he may be? If we do tell, it parades our information to be sure, but defeats the author's purpose. If, on the other hand, we do not tell, but criticise the publication upon its own merits, irrespective of aught else, we are liable to be taunted with ignorance, where it is only sound sense and a discriminating principle which have induced us to pursue this fair and impartial course. And therefore it is that in certain cases we deem it to be our duty towards the author, and but common justice to his performance, not to "let the cat out of the bag," either to be praised on account of the beauty of its forebears, or depreciated for falling off from their splendid feline qualities.

"*Death's Jest Book*" is a trial of the kind alluded to, and, weighed by itself, displays a powerful imitation of the elder dramatists; rude, supernatural, striking, unpolished. A driving straightforward force, regardless of harmony; a directness of speech, revealing

*"The Welsh, like the Runie remains, are extremely difficult even to their own antiquarians. Proof of their genuine antiquity in both cases, I think. But the cause of this difficulty appears to be extreme rudeness in the Runie, and extreme refinement in the Welsh."—*Southey's Collection for the History of Manners and Literature in England.*

design and despising reserve; and a reckless openness, if agreeable to barbarism, certainly at issue with civilized human nature, are the leading characteristics of the school to which it belongs, and to its own style and construction, wherein every one speaks aloud his most secret, crude, half-formed, and incoherent ideas.

We would compare "Death's Jest Book" to one of those pieces we occasionally see in ornamental gardening. There is a tumulus of rocks and stones, by the side of pleasant waters, some of which trickle through them; and their apparent roughness and barrenness are spangled with exquisite little flowers and beautiful foliage, the more graceful and lovely from their unexpected blooming on so uncongenial and unlikely a nursery. Thus have we in this tragedy the truest and rarest of poetical blossoms, such as the following:—

"The sea's wide leafless wind,
Wherein no birds inhabit and few traffic,
Making his cave within your sunny sails;
The eager waves, whose golden, silent kisses
Seal an alliance with your bubbling oars."

"All invite you
Unto your voyage."

After a narrow escape from hot pursuit, the duke thus prays for his lovely companion:—

"As I watch for thee,
So may the power, that has so far preserved us,
Now in the uttermost, now that I feel
The cold drops on my forehead, and scarce know
Whether Fear shed them there, or the near breath
Of our pursuing foes has settled on it,
Stretch its shield o'er us."

Her refreshing sleep:—

"Deeply have I slept.
As one who hath gone down into the springs
Of his existence and there bathed, I come
Regenerate up into the world again."

First love:—

"Oft first love must perish;
Like the poor snow-drop, boyish love of Spring,
Born pale to die, and strew the path of triumph
Before the imperial glowing of the rose,
Whose passion conquers all."

A night scene:—

"Ah! you will to the rocky fount, and there
We'll see the fire-flies dancing in the breeze,
And the stars trembling in the trembling water,
And listen to the daring nightingale
Defying the old night with harmony."

The last couplet is most original and admirable, and our next is a touching description of irremediable mourning for the death of a truly beloved object:—

"And therefore you shall never see me wail,
Or drop base waters of an ebbing sorrow;
No wringing hands, no sighings, no despair,
No mourning weeds will I betake me to;
But keep my thought of him that is no more,
As secret as great nature keeps his soul,
From all the world; and consecrate my being
To that divinest hope, which none can know of
Who have not laid their dearest in the grave.
Farewell, my love,—I will not say to thee
Pale corpse,—we do not part for many days.
A little sleep, a little waking more,
And then we are together out of life."

A portrait:—

"He would wander
Sleepless about the waste, benighted fields,
Asking the speechless shadows of his thoughts
'Who shared my couch? Who was my love? Where is she?'"

Whilst holding up such passages as these to the genius-worship they deserve, we must notice that, to our judgment, in the aim at pathos or sublimity, the arrow sometimes overshoots the mark. The thought is overdone, and spoiled by elaboration, and sometimes by affected quaintness in the coinage of words. Thus:—

"In other countries
Another godlike mankin doth dwell,
Whose works each day adorn and defile
The world their fathers left them."

Again:—

"So fair a creature! of such charms compact
As nature stints elsewhere; which you may find
Under the tender eyelid of a serpent,
Or in the gurge of a kiss-coloured rose,
By drops and sparks: but when she moves, you see,
Like water from a crystal overfilled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and leave
Her fair sides to the ground."

To us these ideas run into inextricable confusion. The sparks of a kiss-coloured rose are foreign enough; but the whole comparison of the fresh-water beauty trembling out of a lovely girl and leaving her fair sides, cannot be so divorced from personal identity as to convey any other or higher image to our sense or fancy, than if she had popped up from a plunge in the bath—"like Niobe, all tears:—"

"The days come
When scarce a lover, for his maiden's hair,
Can pluck a stalk whose rose draws not its hue
Out of a hate-killed heart. Nature's polluted,
There's a man in every secret corner of her,
Doing damned wicked deeds."

We can make little of, and we much dislike the following:—

"But now farewell, my love;
For thy rare sake I could have been a man
One story under god."

Gods are not buildings; but architecture seems to dwell on the writer's mind, for he elsewhere says:—

"Once more I'll see thee, love, speak to thee, hear thee;
And then my soul shall cut itself a door
Out of this planet."

We have thus, in the briefest manner, set charms of no ordinary sort in array against defects which arise rather from exuberance and want of controlling taste than from absence of poetic feeling and power; and we must leave our readers to strike the balance. In general we have to observe that the sentiments and allusions are often not old enough for the 13th century, the date of the action; and that in one or two instances the warmth of the amatory is rather too plain. We had almost forgot to mention that the Fool, and inferior characters, converse in prose, whilst the loftier dialogues are in verse. With a sample of the former we conclude:—

"Isbrand (the Court Fool—a modern Brutus affecting folly). I will now speak a word in earnest, and hereafter jest with you no more: for I lay down my profession of folly. Why should I wear bells to ring the changes of your follies on? Doth the besonneted moon wear bells, she that is the parasite and zany of the stars, and your queen, ye apes of madness? As I live I grow ashamed of the duality of my legs, for they and the apparel, forked or furbelowed, upon them constitute humanity; the brain no longer: and I wish I were an honest fellow of four shins when I look into the note-book of your absurdities. I will abdicate."

"The Lady. Brave! but how dispose of your dominions, most magnanimous zany?"

"Isbr. My heirs at law are manifold. Yonder minister shall have my jacket; he needs many colours for his deeds. You shall inherit my mantle; for your sins, (be it whispered,) chatter with the teeth for cold; and charity, which should be their great-coat, you have not in the heart."

"The Lady. Gramercy! but may I not beg your coxcomb for a friend?"

"Isbr. The brothers have an equal claim to that crest: they may tilt for it. But now for my crown. O cap and bells, ye eternal emblems, hieroglyphics of man's supreme right in nature; O ye, that only fall on the deserving, while oak, palm, laurel, and bay rattle on their foreheads, whose deserts are oft more payable at the other extremity: who shall be honoured with you? Come candidates, the cap and bells are empty."

"The Lady. Those you should send to England, for the bad poets and the critics who praise them."

Gramercy! We need no imports in this kind of Free-Trade.

Staves for the Human Ladder, &c. By G. Linnaeus Banks. Gilpin.

THERE is more genuine poetry in the first composition in this volume, entitled, "Day is Breaking," and consisting of eighty-four lines, than in all the rest of it; which but for this exception we should have classed as kindly and pretty versifications of good moral and social axioms, and other morsels of no peculiar inspiration. The author is evidently well disposed towards, and means well by his fellow-men; but there are neither depths nor heights to call for our comment. With respect to the One production, in a small space and way, it may be likened to the "Fool's Tragedy," on which we have animadverted above. It possesses original and fine thoughts, which are occasionally overdone:—

"Day is breaking
On the mountain tops of Time,
As they stand, head-bared and hoary,
Watching from their heights sublime,
The new morning upward climb
In its creative glory."

"Time," except for rhyme, has nothing to do here; but the next stanza seems perfect:—

"Day is breaking!
Like a firmament of light
Flushing far the heaving ocean;
And the darkness of the Night
Melts before its gathering might,
Like a spectral thing in motion."

Another is very fine:—

"Day is breaking!
Like a host of angels sent
With some new revelation—
And the mourning nations bent,
Tiptoe wait the grand event—
The mind's emancipation."

And now we come to an exceptional labour:—

"Day is breaking,—
And like the melodies
Of vesper-hymning flowers,
When, closing up their twinkling eyes,
They breathe sweet incense to the skies—
Carol the new-born hours."

To liken daybreak to anything vesper or evening-hymning is incongruous; and the addition of closing up the twinkling eyes of the flowers in order that they may breathe incense, increases the anomaly; the last line appears to have no connexion with the other five, and if it have a meaning it is all to itself.

"Day is breaking!
The earth is an infant swathed in brightness."

And,—

"Day is breaking!
And the matin of each bird—
A ray of morn, distilled in music—ringing!"

are examples of beauty; the rest of the stanzas are mixed, and the endeavour to graft moral and political instruction on the imagery is at issue with its poetical merits.

COLONIZATION OF NATAL.

Natal, Cape of Good Hope, &c. By J. S. Christopher. 8vo. Wilson. Hatchards.

MR. CHRISTOPHER is the proprietor of a large tract of territory at Natal, and the propounder of an excellently arranged plan for emigration and settlements there. To describe the country and develop the scheme is the object of this volume; which, independently of these matters, contains a good deal of interesting general information. In the Cape Colony there is neither poor nor poor-laws: this single sentence is enough to make one wish to get there. "There," a rising colony would be

immense and invaluable customers for the exports of England, and well does Mr. Christopher remark,—

"Of all our manufactured goods the population of Russia consumes 7½d. per head; that of the German league, 8½d.; of the French empire, about 1s. 5d.; of the United States, 5s. 6d.; of Canada, 11. 15s.; and of Australia, 7l. 10s. per head per annum. As customers, therefore, for our produce and manufactures, every man, woman, and child in your southern colonies is worth four Canadians, twenty-seven Americans, one hundred Frenchmen, and two hundred Russians and Germans. Blink not this fact.

"Of cotton goods, the United States and all our emigrants who go there, consume only 10d. a head; in Australia, 19s. 6d. per head; at the Cape of Good Hope, 17. And are not you, ministers of state, you, members of parliament, and manufacturers, led, nay, bound by interest, to render yourselves independent of America for the raw material of your principal export? While Natal and Australia can supply you with cotton, will you be listless on this vital question? To hold such splendid colonies, and not to encourage them, is as bad as depopulating an English country by bad government. What! is England now full, and is the increase of her population, notwithstanding her emigration, the awful number of 365,000 per annum? What can you do but assist in their removal to your Colonies? Can you, undismayed, look forward to your population ten years hence being four millions more than at present? French labourers requiring to be fed, caused the revolution there. Take care, or it will do the same here, notwithstanding the inherent loyalty of Englishmen. All Europe has been craving for bread and labour. In England, revolution attempted by Chartists and others has been deferred: thanks to the two institutions amongst you; your above-cited poor-law, and your savings banks. But beware lest your poor-law become too burthensome to pay: take care that you have not to distrain. Amidst your increased distress, beware of that. When that day comes, the savings banks will be your ruin. Then will the evil day, even for the rich, arrive. The poor must be paid, and the poor will claim bread also. That will be a note of dismay indeed. It will seize all. Let us then grow wise, using our means wisely; and those *incubuses*, as some affect to call the colonies, will be our salvation, as a people, and a prosperous people too. The money invested in the savings banks, club subscriptions, the poor law, and other charities, are your securities for peace at home. If cancelled by increasing poverty and want of means, among the classes at present better off, the lower classes being no longer under bond for good behaviour, will be found restive beyond social control or legal restraint. That will be an evil day indeed! and every man is called on to do his best to meet the case, or to ward off the evil. Thus do I lay earnestly Emigration before the community as the natural safety valve for England's sons and daughters."

This granted, the author points out in glowing terms the fitness of Natal to be a favoured receptacle for British surplus population:—

"In Natal (says Mr. Christopher) we intend to consume from 7l. 10s. to 10l. worth of British manufactures per man. Natal will hold four or five millions of people. Now when the Natalians number four millions of people, they will do more trade with England than all Europe together, they will consume 30,000,000l. of British manufactures; whereas our foreign trade only amounts to twenty-six millions. But did they consume at the rate of Capesters, Australians, or Natalians, even now there would be a demand for 1,830,000,000l. of British manufactures! England and her politicians should look forward to this."

Natives of Devonshire are especially invited to proceed to South Africa; and it is stated,—

"The country is evidently capable of supporting a great many people, and once, doubtless, did contain a great population; but the love of war and self-aggrandizement have left a vast region around Natal desolate."

Mr. Saxe Bannister, late Attorney-General of New South Wales, adds,—

"At length this well-watered, and, what is of the greatest importance to African civilization, this healthy country of Natal, is adopted as a British possession, and four or five hundred white emigrants, some British-born, long settled there, and the large majority of Cape origin, arrived within four years, are again British colonists; so that 15,000,000 of fertile acres thus acquire a new British character.

"Natal is a country bordering on the Eastern Ocean, situated between lat. 29° and 31° 30' south; with above three hundred miles of coast, and extending above one hundred miles from the ocean, north westward. In 1834, an officer of great experience and known caution, Dr. Andrew Smith, now staff surgeon to the garrison of Chatham, was sent to Natal by the governor of the Cape, expressly to examine the nature of the soil, and the capabilities of the country for colonization. Dr. Smith's report has been laid before the House of Commons, as follows:—

"The district in question is bounded on the west by the Umzimvooba river, on the south by the sea, on the east by the Ungani river, and to the northward its limits have not been correctly ascertained. It may be estimated to contain about 20,000 square miles, the principal part of which is peculiarly fitted either for the objects of the agriculturist or the grazier. The more western portion presents numerous extensive flats, thickly covered with luxuriant grass, and abounds in rivers and rivulets, the waters of which could be led over thousands of acres at comparatively little expense, —a feature in the character of the country that is hardly within the comprehension of the Cape colonist.

"The middle and eastern divisions again exhibit a broken undulating surface, and abound with low knolls, in some places clustered together, in others separate, and connected by rich meadow, covered with a most beautiful and abundant vegetation. Here the rivers are particularly numerous; and some of them, whose sources are far in the interior, are very large. The more considerable ones commonly run in deep channels, and from the banks being generally rather precipitous, their waters could not be made available for extensive irrigation, which, however, is of no importance, as the number of small rills, and powerful springs, which everywhere exist, render dependence upon the larger springs quite unnecessary. In many of the meadows water was observed oozing out in every direction. Indeed, the best idea I can give of its peculiarity in this respect, is by stating, that what the traveller has to hunt after in other parts of South Africa, with the most anxious solicitude, is here everywhere so close at hand, as almost to constitute an inconvenience.

"Trees fit for timber exist everywhere in sufficiency, but they are more abundant towards the eastern and western extremes. In those directions, forests of considerable extent occur, but without the great proportion of *underwood* which exists in those of the colony.

"Such an effect was produced upon one of my party, a Dutch farmer, on our entrance into this beautiful country, that for several days he could scarcely give utterance to anything but "*Wonderful!*"—*I have never in my life seen such a fine place, —I shall never again reside in the colony, if the English government make this a settlement.*"

We have said and quoted enough to excite attention to this subject, and recommend Mr. Christopher's volume to perusal and his plan to consideration. We have only to add, that there is a good map, and that cotton is

peculiarly adapted for luxuriant cultivation in the soil of Natal.*

JEW, JUDAISM, AND ARCHEOLOGY.

Margoliouth's Pilgrimage, concluded.

In our last notice we indulged in some of the *facetiae* of the author, savouring more of his Irish appellation of M'Shoomad, than his Polish-Judaic name of Margoliouth. The whole indeed smacks of the genus *farrago*, and is an odd miscellany of amusement and learning. The loss of the *Avenger* furnishes a long chapter, and the writer's adventures on the route to and at Biserta add considerably to the heterogeneity of the mixture. On this journey he is accompanied by Mr. Davis, whom he extols as a worthy missionary at Tunis; and he says:—

"When Davis left me on Saturday last, I sat down to pen a few lines to Kate, as I knew she would be anxious to learn something of her dear's movements. I was not sitting long before several Jews—the principal of Biserta—were announced, who came to pay their respects to me, and said many things which I am not vain enough to appropriate. They urged conversation on Christianity, which I did not discourage; and we parted on the most friendly terms. I shall give you here a few extracts from my 'Evening Notes,' since Davis left me here.

"January 1.—At two o'clock I proceeded to the large synagogue. When I entered that building, I observed a number of children in one corner of the sanctuary standing round a venerable Jew, who was instructing them. This was a sort of Sabbath class of Jewish boys. Being naturally fond of children, as well as desirous to hear what they were taught, I directed my steps to the juvenile corner. But before I reached that quarter, a voice overtook me, crying, 'Here! here!' I obeyed the summons; it was from another part of the synagogue, where an old rabbi was sitting and expounding the prophets; and the voice that I heard was that of the expounder. I wished to take my place among the audience, but the lecturer insisted that I should sit close to him. I availed myself of the pressing invitation, and was thus seated on the chiefest place in the largest synagogue of Biserta. After the little commotion which my entrance caused subsided, I said to the Rabbi, 'Proceed now with your

* The last No. of the *African Journal* which we have received, July 25th, takes a far less favourable view of the colony, and says of Natal:—"If large bodies of men, women, and children, congregated in one raw and uncultivated spot, with sheds to build, and wheat to grow, be evidence of advancement and prosperity, then is Port Natal, at the present moment, in that enviable position. But we are rather inclined to think, from the files of papers lately received, that the reverse of this is the fact; and that both Mr. Byrne and Mr. Christophers are sounding the Cotton Trumpet of Fame too loudly, and too musically for the sweet and pleasant tones to be realized when the enraptured and sanguine listener arrives at the origin of the note of admiration. Three shiploads of emigrants have arrived lately at D'Urban and P. M. Berg, well up to the usual callings of baking, butchering, cabinet making, farming, gardening, masoning, shoemaking, dressmaking, and even printing,—a most valuable acquisition to any country or district requiring their services, and where civilization and cultivation have for some time been planted so as to require their immediate assistance. But Natal at present is merely a mushroom and thing of yesterday; so that the Labour precludes the Want, and before it can be applied; and thus falling as it were into a lump, there is the serious result of all sellers and no buyers; chairs and tables without a room to put them in; and hundreds of builders before they have discovered a clay pit." A comparison is instituted with Hood's story of 'The Common Lot,' and the writer adds:—"It is just so with Natal; they have carried mouths there in such numbers, that they will find it difficult to supply them if they have to wait for the cotton trees. This state of affairs is not much talked of on the spot, where there is land to be sold, and bargains to be made, by striking whilst the iron is hot; but the truth creeps out from private accounts, and letters from anxious individuals who have left their 'Homes,' and 'Father's house,' and the 'Old familiar faces,' for the land of promise—promising indeed, if visited sparingly, and populated with judgment and discretion." Very frequent robberies in D'Urban are stated as another drawback.

exposition.' The old man seemed a little embarrassed, but I emphatically repeated, 'Proceed now with your exposition.' The Rabbi said, 'You must lecture, it is customary for the stranger to take the roll of the law and to expound it,' and insisted upon my turning public teacher. But I insisted upon him to proceed. The Rabbi, wandering off from his immediate subject in hand, said that he would prove to me that every Israelite was a child of eternal happiness, for which purpose he adduced the following passage from the traditions of the fathers:—

כל ישראל יש להם חלק לעולם הבא

'Every Israelite is sure of a portion in the next world.' I opposed this assertion at once, showing to all the Jews in the synagogue that the above passage proved nothing to the purpose."

This he proceeds to demonstrate at some length, and, at any rate, if not convinced, his auditors were very tolerant; for he tells us:—

"After I had done, an old Jew asked a few questions of minor importance, which were answered, according to his own statement, to his satisfaction. I then took a friendly leave of my hearers. Some said they should like to call upon me in the evening, and I said I should be very glad to see them. From thence I proceeded to the house of the principal Jew at Biserta: he is considered to be the most hospitable Israelite in this regency. Some of his brethren here say he is a second Abraham, as regards hospitality. When I arrived at his house, it was just about dinner-time: the dining-room was full of his brethren, who were invited to take their sabbath-dinner with him. I was very kindly treated."

Of Constantinople, M. Margoliouth writes:

"It appears to me, from the conversation I had with different parties of different nations and of different creeds, that Islamism in Turkey is decidedly on the wane. Infidelity takes the place of Mohammedanism. The Sultan seems very partial to the advice of Christian statesmen, and it is rumoured that he contemplates ere long to throw open the Sublime Porte to their admission as statesmen. The present Sultan does no more swell out his titles to that prodigious amount to which his forefathers have aspired. We are no more disgusted with such a blasphemous assumption on the part of haughty Sultans as the following:—

"King of kings, and lord of lords, ruler of the East and West, and of all parts of the world, prince of the holy and chaste city of Jerusalem, shining with the brightness of God, thrice happy lord of the refulgent Mecca, tamer of infidels, and scourge of the unbelieving race of Christian vassals, lord of the White and Black Seas, the most mighty and invincible Sultan, who has the power from God to rule all people with a bridle, and to break open the gates and bars of all cities and strong places, into whose Almighty hands are delivered all the ends of the world,—none excepted!" Abdoul Megid is perfectly satisfied to style himself 'ruler of the White and Black Seas' alone. He does not attempt either to tame or scourge the infidel and unbelieving race of Christians; and is, moreover, in daily apprehension of a sound flogging from that bear of a Christian, Nicolas; and if it were not for infidel France and the unbelieving race of English Christians, the poor Sultan would be a great deal tamer even than he is at present. All sorts of churches are multiplied. Islamism may be renounced with impunity, and Christians even admitted into mosques. There is one thing only wanting, according to Mohammedan creed, to the final downfall and annihilation of the Moslem faith in the Ottoman empire. It is the introduction of bells into the mosques, of which there was some talk; the present Sultan being so anxious to introduce all the European customs and manners, that he actually made the preposterous proposition, a Mullah declared, of calling down upon his empire the perdition which was once the lot of the Grecian empire, and all through bells.

"And none but Abdoul Megid," continued my informant, "would think of introducing bells. A true Mussulman would never think of upsetting an empire which was gained by the help of the Prophet. But Abdoul Megid is a Greek infidel. He was trained to be an Islam hater from his youth up." I asked, "was not the Sultan's father, Mahmood, a true believer?"

"No," replied the indignant Turk; "he was a wolf in sheep's clothing; he was a usurper and an infidel, and died a child of Eblis. Listen to me, and I will tell you the whole deep-laid plot which ensnared our holy religion, to overthrowing, by the hands of the relentless enemies of the Prophet. It is not prudent nor expedient to be too pious, even though professing the true faith. Everything has a limit, stretch anything beyond its appointed bounds and it will snap." Here Mustapha stretched a piece of India-rubber and broke it, in illustration of his theory.

"Our rightful Sultan was indeed named Mahmood, and was indeed a pious and faithful Moslem. Alas! for the glory of his kingdom, he was too pious. Not only did he punish vice with unmitigated severity, and reward virtue with unbounded liberality, but he loved his religion and his country with a father's love, and was in return beloved by his subjects with filial affection. He was beautiful to look at; the brightness of his face rivalled the splendour of the moon. But he was too humble to allow his dazzling countenance to be admired; he therefore never appeared without covering over his face, nay not even to his most beloved wife. Eblis took occasion of this his unsullied piety, and turned it into a battle-axe for the demolition of the Islam power and religion. Young man," he turned upon me, "never be over pious. If you were handsome, I would counsel thee never to cover thy face, thou mightest be exchanged in the twinkling of an eye." I was too anxious to hear the sequel to interrupt my narrator. I looked therefore all attention, whilst he smoked a pipe and drank the thirteenth cup of coffee.

"Listen, thou man of understanding, to the stratagems of Eblis, and behold the instruments of his wicked deeds. The prince of darkness, the ally of the Emperor of Russia, put into the heart of his obedient child, namely, the Russian Emperor, a spirit of uncontrollable covetousness, especially for the things which belong to the faithful servants of Allah. And it came to pass, on a certain day, whilst our pious Sultan was sitting on the seat of judgment, and passing sentence upon the different culprits, a prince from the north country, Russia, was announced, desiring to speak to Mahmood—pence be upon him—face to face, and mouth to mouth, and ear to ear, by themselves, and no other with them. Mahmood, who in his simplicity thought all princes to be guileless and just, feared no evil; and therefore rose up from his seat, and with unaffected confidence motioned to the Russian prince to follow him. Both of them entered into a private council chamber, and left the plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, and officers, in the judgment-hall to ponder and wonder, what can the purport of this secret communication be? Half an hour ran away; a muffled figure entered the house of judgment, unaccompanied by any other person, which caused a little surprise; but as none of the faithful had a personal knowledge of Mahmood, they suspected nothing serious. By the influence of Eblis, he proceeded with the administration of justice, as if he had been born and bred in the seraglio, and sucked the breast of a sultana. When all the cases were dismissed, the people separated, and the Sultan, according to custom, was led with great glory and honour to the sublime and royal palace.

"It was whispered in secret places as a most strange and an unaccountable thing, that the face of the prince, who came from Russia, should have been seen no more. But no one dared to raise his voice above a whisper. For a few days the Sultan made no stir, and the excitement about the Russian prince died away. As soon as the Sultan got to

know that all was quiet again, for he had already his secret spies, he began, by degrees, to bring in new customs and laws; breaking down, slowly but steadily, all the ancient landmarks of our holy religion. Many faithful and pious officials were discharged from the service of the Sublime Porte; and new ones, strangers to all and to everything, appointed in their places. The gentle, the meek, the lowly, the pious, the faithful, and devoted Mahmood, was substituted by a proud, haughty, impious, faithless, and frivolous tyrant. Could Mahmood himself have become so base a character? Just as it is impossible for a harmless little lamb to become a ramping and a roaring lion, so it is impossible that the just Mahmood should be turned into an unprincipled despot. It was the Russian prince whom Eblis by his wiles brought into the seraglio; and Allah permitted all this on account of our sins, which were, and are, many. Yes, to the ignorant and uninformed, the Sultan, and the vizier, and the bashaws, may appear Mohammedans, but not so to the initiated. All this, however, is according to our sacred prediction; a day is yet to come when all the countries belonging to Mohammedan nations shall be subdued by the infidel Christians, either by foul or fair means; but when all these water-floods have gone over our heads, then Jesus, the Son of Mary, will appear to our rescue, and give us a dominion both in heaven and earth, and all those who will not obey the Prophet shall go with Eblis into perdition." The above crude narrative speaks volumes as to the mind of Mussulmen respecting the hold Mohammedanism is exercising over the Turkish mind."

It is indeed a strange story, and if generally accredited, one not destitute of importance to Turkey; but we have no means of judging of its force.

At Baalbeck, it is noted:—

"You are doubtless conversant with the various works of which Baalbeck is the theme. But one thing I must tell you, that neither picture nor description, be the former ever so striking and the latter ever so graphic, can give you a correct idea of its reality. I indulged in a delusive fancy that I should not be taken by surprise, as I was well prepared with book information about every corner and column of this august pile of massive architecture; but I found out my mistake; seeing is appreciating it, and nothing less. What a magnificent church it must have been, when owned by Christians. Alas, alas! what have Christians not lost by forsaking their first love! I have seen the large stone, which has on it an intersected triangle, which the Jews call 'the shield of David,' and Christians and Mussulmen 'the seal of Solomon.' For aught I know, David's shield may have been of that shape, and so may Solomon's signet have been, but what I do know is this, that in the early days of Christianity, it was an important Christian emblem. I love to see this emblem in the old English churches. I was delighted with Westminster Abbey on the last Sunday before my leaving England, and my delight was enhanced by my observing the intersected triangle in its painted windows."

Of Freemasonry we find a striking account addressed to the Bishop of Norwich:—

"As far as the science of Masonry is concerned, I cannot say much; but I have said enough to show the analogy between Christianity and it, and to account for the existence of their emblems amongst the Jews. Little do my brethren here know that they are sheltering themselves under Christian significant emblems. Let no traveller say hence, that 'there are no traces of Christianity in North Africa.' There are. The Jews have unwittingly preserved them, and former travellers have left me the honour of discovering them."

"I apprehend that an objection will occur to your Lordship about my theory respecting the

analogy between Christianity and Freemasonry, and their almost contemporaneous rise and progress, which is, 'How is it, then, that the science of Masonry is so universal, that into whatever clime you go, where Christianity even is yet unknown, the brotherhood exists?'—a circumstance which militates materially against the soundness of my doctrine on the subject. Should such an objection be propounded to me, I would unhesitatingly reply, that I do not believe in the universality of Freemasonry; that it does not exist in countries where Christianity never had a footing; and that the notion of universality is only a conception of a few zealous, but ill-informed brothers, who first fostered it, and then sent it abroad. I have met with many brother Masons, during my various peregrinations in different parts of the world, who have travelled far and wide, and one and all have put down the idea of universality to the superstition of Freemasonry. As for Jews being Freemasons, this proves nothing to the purpose. They can only date their admission into the confraternity to the middle of last century, when one of them, Stephen Morin by name, contrived to learn a few of the pass-words from a weak brother, and who was also a dealer in Masonic publications, and thus picked up a good deal of information on the subject, by which he was smuggled in into some of the lodges in America; which became a precedent for Jews being admitted as Masons, and ever since, the pristine purity of Masonry began gradually to disappear. How well-informed and zealous Jews could be Masons is a greater mystery to me than is Masonry to the mass of people. Up to the seventeenth century, the Grand Masters were generally ecclesiastics, and though no Bishop of Norwich is to be found among the English Grand Masters, many other bishops grace the list. I will copy here the names of those officials down to 1603, when James I. was elected Grand Master.

"A.D. 597, Austin the Monk; 680, Bennet, Abbot of Wirral; 857, St. Swithin; 872, Alfred the Great; 900, Ethred, King of Mercia; 924, King Athelstane; 957, St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1041, Edward the Confessor; 1066, Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester; 1100, Henry I.; 1216, Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester; 1272, Walter Giffard, Archbishop of York; 1307, Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter; 1327, King Edward III.; 1357, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester; 1375, Simon Langham, Abbot of Westminster; 1413, Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1443, William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester; 1471, Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury; 1483, King Henry VII.; 1493, John Islip, Abbot of Westminster; 1515, Cardinal Wolsey; 1549, Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset; 1551, John Poyntet, Bishop of Winchester."

We conclude with a curious Jewish legend, which shows at least that there was no Mr. Thomas Hunt in that country and age, to whom the great legislator might have gone and been cured of his impediment:—

"There is a tradition amongst the Jews, that Pharaoh's magicians declared that Moses would aim at nothing less than the sceptre and throne of Egypt. Pharaoh was, moreover, advised to test the prediction, by placing before the future usurper, who was then but an infant, two basins, one filled with live coals, and the other with gold, and he would see at which the child would aim. Moses stretched forth his hand to grasp the gold. The innocent Gentiles, who cannot bear the sight of gold, will say, 'Jew-like'; but the angel Gabriel, who watched over the destinies of the infant deliverer, gave his hand a push, and made him seize a live coal. As a natural consequence, he burned his fingers, and in confusion precipitated the fiery coal into his mouth, and scorched his tongue. This accident made him a stammerer for life; hence Exod. iv. 10."

And so ends our review of a work which has entertained us with a variety of topics, treated in an original way, by An Original!

IRELAND.

Second Notice—Conclusion.

Our path is straightforward, from the resting-place at which our long introductory review broke off.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, at Kenmare, is mildly treated and generally commended by Mr. Stark, but the pauper system disapproved, as it is almost in every instance throughout his journey by the author. Lord Stanley meets with much applause as an Irish landlord, as does also Lord Bantry, and a very small minority widely scattered here and there. Skibbereen, it may be anticipated, is a doleful scene; but really it is not painted much worse than other parts:—

"The drive from old Bandon to Clonakilty presents nothing of very thrilling interest to the traveller. The road is frequently hill—the land on either side of an inferior character, and much neglected, well-cultivated spots being 'few and far between.' Proceed for miles before meeting a human being, and then it is not 'the face of man that brightens man,' but the face of a beggar. Pass numerous cabins unroofed. Where are the once joyous people who encircled these desolate hearths? Alas! in the Clonakilty workhouse, or 'down among the dead men' in that plethoric churchyard of Ballymackeen. How wretched is the aspect of the houses that are still occupied! Former tourists found ample food for commentary in the semi-barbarous custom, that preferred allowing the smoke to issue from the door or window, instead of a chimney. The change is not for the better; for if you entered one of these cabins you would not find 'a spark of fire' in it. Another remark cannot now fail to be made by the close observer. In former years, who does not remember how the sound of a vehicle brought a pack of mongrel dogs from every hamlet, that barked most pertinaciously at the wheels, threatened to worry the horse, and by every means in their power, vented their displeasure on the travellers, for no good reason that I ever heard, except that they were animated by the spirit of Irish hospitality, and annoyed at the strangers passing their houses without dropping in? Be this as it may, we now explore the rural districts of Munster, and no canine salutation causes our horse to cock his ears, or the driver, by a skilful management of his whipcord, to send the cur yelping, with pendant tail, back to his ditch. The reason for this circumstance, which, to a superficial person, may appear trivial, is pregnant with horrors:—when men perish for lack of food, there is no subsistence for dogs, and so the race was all but extinguished during the famine of 1846-7."

"Clonakilty is not a place that, to use a modern 'fast' saying, 'one would borrow money to spend in.' It is the property of Richard Boyle, Earl of Shannon, and is as dirty and dilapidated an aggregate of streets, as could be seen in a month's march; indeed, if that nobleman's great progenitor and namesake, Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, could come out of his gorgeous tomb in the collegiate church of Youghal, he would wish himself again 'quietly inurn'd,' after a single glance at the town he took so much pains in founding and getting chartered, upwards of 200 years ago. There is, I believe, a body of Commissioners, who hold office in virtue of the 9th Geo. IV., for cleansing, paving, and lighting, but, in true Irish fashion, the streets are kept so filthy, that it is a pity the sea is not permitted to make a gentle and purifying detour through them every morning; the flags in front of the houses are almost all broken, and fraught with danger to the unwary pedestrian, who, unlike the practised local resident, knows not where to leap, or where to tread with safety; as for the lighting, it is *lucra a non lucendo*; and if the conservators of the place levy any contributions

for the performance of duties in this respect, it is, as clear as noon-day, a case of raising money under false pretences. Clonakilty derives its name from the bay of that ilk, at the head of which it is situated. The marine importance of the place, however, is inconsiderable, owing to the mouth of the harbour being full of sand. Small sloops which found access here were formerly employed by the traders in conveying potatoes to Cork and Dublin; but since the decay of the national esculet, the vessels have been turned to a different purpose, for the humane landlords and poor-law guardians of this union have chartered them to carry their paupers to Wales and England, under circumstances which I have slightly noticed when passing through Youghal."

That is to say, embark them in shoals, almost without provisions, and shoot them like rubbish on the British shores at three-pence a head! But nothing seems to relieve the country. Mr. Stark denounces the poor-laws as a leprosy which devours it; having risen from 280,000*l.* to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* per annum. To employ pauper labour in the cultivation of the land, instead of locking up idle thews and sinews in the work bastilles, is the remedy enforced by the author; and we can well remember our own astonishment when we saw a dozen or score of stout paupers leaning listlessly over the gates and gaps of the fields in which their domicile stood, basking indolently in the blessed sunshine, whilst the teeming soil around bore not even a potato, but a gorgeous crop of yellow ragwort!

Cork furnishes the author with much matter for comment; but we will conclude with a scrap relating to the famed ear proprietor, Bianconi,—

"Who is the owner of more horses than the Khan of Tartary could boast of—who is the lord of Longfield, an estate for which he paid, or is to pay 25,000*l.*—who is a director of the National Bank—and who, to crown all, has actually been twice Mayor of Clonmel."

To this it is added:—

"When Mr. Bianconi desires, in an especial manner, to honour his guests after dinner, he draws from a private cabinet an oblong box, rather the worse for the wear, and not remarkable for the rare quality of its wood, or the superlative of its mounting. And yet it is a casket of great value in the eyes of its owner. Touched by a key it is unfolded, and discloses sundry busts of Shakespeare, Milton, Napoleon, &c., and a few relieve plaster casts of Venus and Adonis, Castor and Pollux, Jupiter and Leda, and other classic groups. It is the 'very identical' box that was carried on the head, or swung over the shoulders, of Mr. Bianconi, before the idea flashed upon his mind of becoming a 'monster' ear proprietor. Chucking a diminutive Gregory XVI. under the chin, or patting a tiny bust of Buonaparte on the cranium, he laughingly cries out—'Vedete dunque! che io posso rincominciare la mia carriera dinuovo, e mi recorderò del vecchio proverbio che dice, *se guadagni un giuglio, vivi con mezzo!*' 'You see! I can commence the world again, and I will remember my old motto, 'Earn a shilling a day, and live upon sixpence.' The box, like the deal coffin hung in the bedroom of the Dutch philosopher, acts as a monitor against worldly pride and vanity."

Some nice woodcuts illustrate the volume. The author is rather hard in a remark on the popular Titmarsh, and at p. 185 ascribes to Johnnie Cope what belongs to the later period of the French revolution and the good Jean Bon St. André:—

"Who fled full soon,
On the first of June,
But bade the rest keep fighting."

5. *Lights and Shades of Ireland.* In three parts. By Asenath Nicholson. Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is an American's view of the case, and consists of—1. Early history; 2. Saints, Kings, and Poets of the early ages; and 3. The famine of 1847, 8, and 9. After the preceding review, and with a recollection of Mr. Nicholson's former publication, all that we shall say of his "Lights and Shades" is, they appear to be nearly all shades, blackened by clouds of utter darkness. Ireland will never thrive till the Normans and Saxons, who robbed its natives of their dominions, succumb to the descendants of these natives. The horrors of the elder times are only exceeded by those of the famine and the oppression of the people. The most violent Irish politician could not wish a more hearty sympathizer than Asenath Nicholson of New York.

6. *Justice for Ireland.* By Alexander Cheyne, Esq. Dublin: Oldham. London: Seeleys. Belfast: Philips.

THE author looks hopefully to the change which Ireland is now undergoing, and without controversial discussion of measures, considers that the sale of encumbered estates, the giving additional security to life, capital, and property, and equalizing everything with England and her constitution—putting an end to class legislation, and party and factious demonstrations—will effect the much desired improvement of the Island, and render it an integral part of the British Empire, which it has never yet been. His opinions are inclined to the Orange colour.

7. *Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland.* By W. N. Hancock, LL.D. Simms and McIntyre.

THE author deprecates interference, and lays down the dogma:—

"A disregard of the principle of non-interference, either in public or private policy, leads to results as much at variance with common prudence as a disregard of the law of gravitation. It leads all parties to attend to other business than their own. Landlords devise plans for encouraging manufactures, instead of applying themselves to the good management of the land. Benevolent people get up charitable loan funds and fishery companies, instead of leaving these trades to be carried on by money-lenders and fishermen. In public affairs, politicians, instead of confining themselves to their proper business, the protection of the community from fraud and violence, and exerting themselves to have the legislation of the country framed in the best manner to effect this great object, are occupied with plans for stimulating industry, lending money for drainage or railways, encouraging particular trades, promoting emigration, or regulating the manner in which various parties shall carry on their dealings. Thus the soundest principles of science coincide with the lessons of common prudence, in teaching each person to mind his own business, and to follow the dictates of enlightened self-interest, as the best means of promoting the welfare of himself, of his country, and of the whole family of man."

Thus vowed to the Whately school of political economists, (in which he is professor and lecturer,) the author supports his principles with great ability:—

"The main causes (he declares), then, to which I ascribe the state of agriculture in Ireland are, the legal impediments to the free transfer and sale of land, whether waste or improved: and the legal impediments to the application of capital to agricultural operations."

The measure for the sale of encumbered

estates consequently affords him the highest satisfaction. He is strenuous for an income tax, as the most equal and least burdensome species of taxation; but the steps taken since his discourses were delivered, for the transfer of property under the Courts, having followed out his leading propositions, we need not enter at any length into minor considerations. There is, however, some curious matter about the planting of trees and the comparative absence of timber throughout the country—about the continuance of obsolete laws against the reclamation of waste lands—in favour of potato culture—on the conacre abuse of the blessing*—on the condition of middlemen under—

"Legal restrictions, which render it unprofitable for them either to transfer or to improve the land, whilst they are induced to sub-let by the ample means for levying exorbitant rents, in the power of distress, and priority of recovering rent which they exercise as landlords."

And, in fine, this is the gist of all:—

"When we consider that the majority of Irish tenants are yearly tenants, and the majority of the landlords are tenants for life under strict settlement; and when we know that all improvements, whether in rotation of crops, in thorough drainage, or in buildings, by law belong not to the improver, whether landlord or tenant, but become part of the freehold, and subject to all the limitations of ownership that it is subject to, it follows that, with regard to the majority of those connected with land in Ireland, whether as proprietors or occupiers, the propositions that long rotation of crops, thorough drainage, and farm buildings, are profitable to the improver, are not, in legal strictness, true. Such undertakings never can be profitable to the majority of improvers, unless some person over whom they have no control consents to forego a legal right for their advantage. A few instances of parties refusing to forego their legal rights, and so preventing improvers from reaping the full profit of their labour and capital, effectually paralyse exertion, and stops the progress of improved agriculture. Agricultural instruction depends for its success—indeed, I may say, for its truth—on the state of the law."

8. We have half-a-dozen Pamphlets before us also treating of Ireland, its evils and their remedies. Dr. J. Edgar, of Belfast, describes to us an apparently excellent institution there, for enabling the women of the West industriously to help themselves and avoid the pains of penury and want; Mr. James Macadam, jun., of the same stirring place, in an address to the Natural History Society, shows us that literature and science are cultivated with success, as well as humanity and charity. Mr. W. Low, in a letter to Lord John Russell, lays down a feasible financial system for benefiting Ireland by the extension of railways. Mr. E. T. Dartnell contends against the endowment of the Popish priesthood. Ireland Imperialized is the title of a worthy pamphlet addressed to Lord Clarendon, who has done so much towards accomplishing that most desirable union and complete fusion. And finally, as far as we see among our relays and delays, Mr. Thomas Mulock animadverts with much spirit and acuteness on the Government measure relative to incurably involved Irish estates; and we presume that wherever its operation may be found defective, Mr.

* Which to our mind was a moral blight, allowing a sufficiency of food, when all went right, to sustain life at a trifling expense of labour, and thus, even in prospering times, leading to idleness and beggary, and when failures occurred, to starvation and death.—Ed. L. G.

Mulock's suggestions will meet with due consideration.

To conclude—Ireland has received a bitter lesson, from the noble to the cottier. The impoverishing of the higher and the emigration of the lower orders, the forced sale of estates, and the famishing of thousands, ought to teach wisdom; and if it does lead to the spreading of security and industry over the country, even this severe chastisement may not be deemed too dear a price; and as the keen Scotsman said, the motto would then be true, and

ERIN GO BRAW!!!

SUMMARY.

The Phenomena of Pestilential Cholera. By G. McCulloch, M.D., and A. C. MacLaren, Esq. Churchill. Dublin: Fannin and Co. ALTHOUGH the dreadful scourge of cholera is not at present upon us, nor, as far as human sense can see, immediately threatening; if to be forewarned and forearmed against an appalling possible evil be an act of wisdom, we would earnestly recommend this volume to the faculty and the public. Its views are very comprehensive, and the means of prevention which it suggests apparently founded on sound observation and experience, and likely to be efficacious.

Science Simplified, and Philosophy, Natural and Experimental, made Easy. By the Rev. David Williams, M.A. Piper.

THIS little educational work, composed of question and answer, is calculated to give a scientific direction to the energies of a youthful mind. The facts stated in the replies are generally accurate and clear, but sometimes disfigured by the positive tone in which the author assigns motives for natural laws, a course often uncertain and always presumptuous. The present series contains Animal and Vegetable Physiology, Mechanics, Optics, Astronomy, and Geology, and much instruction is to be obtained on these sciences.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

["Reports from Chatham Dockyard on the piece of rope discovered at Cape Riley, and brought home by Captain Forsyth, ascertain that it is common rope and not whale line, must have been made posterior to July, 1824, and that supplies of this very kind were furnished to Woolwich in November, 1844, and even more especially between January and April, 1845, as Arctic stores expressly for the Erebus and Terror."]—

Having thus stated the latest facts connected with this anxiously interesting subject, confirming our repudiation of the scandalous tragical invention which we denounced in last Gazette, it becomes our duty, from the best sources of information, to endeavour to guide public opinion to the fresh hope opened to us by this discovery, and the probabilities to which it would lead.

It seems, from the descriptions published, to be certain that the circumstance found by Captain Ommanney had been that of a party detached from the ships on their outward voyage, either to make observations or procure game. It is most likely that they were stopped in their progress by the barrier of ice, which, until the middle of August, generally extends across Barrow Strait at this point, and took advantage of the delay to examine this part of the country. It is somewhat strange that they left no notice of their visit, but former experience teaches us to know how sudden the disruption of the ice frequently is; and it is probable that the party were hurriedly and unexpectedly recalled to the ships, in consequence of the ice breaking up, and clearing a passage for them to the westward.

We wish it to be observed that this could not be the encampment of a travelling party, after the abandonment of the vessels; because if such had been the case, other similar encampments would have been found at intervals of a day's march—from twelve to fourteen miles apart!

It is therefore evident that the Expedition reached thus far in safety, confounding the cruel falsehood which would have consigned it to destruction on the east coast of Baffin's Bay.

Now, though the clue be slight, let us more confidently

renew our trust, that our gallant friends and fellow-countrymen may return in safety to us after all their perils and privations.

The searching Expeditions are evidently doing their work judiciously and energetically, so that we may indulge the hope, *since they are on the track*, that we may soon have some farther, and, please God! good intelligence."

Such was the view which the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday presented to the public, as a "guide" to its "opinion;" and it is no small satisfaction to us to find it so completely confirmed in every point, and strengthened by additional circumstances, in a report furnished to the Admiralty by Sir E. Parry, (one, like Sir J. C. Ross, of the best of authorities), inclosing corroborating proofs from the science of Sir John Richardson, Colonel Sabine, and other well-informed and experienced parties. After particularly stating the whole case, including reference to a piece of canvass, of which we were not aware, Sir E. Parry says:—

"The above facts appear to me to lead to the inevitable conclusion that the rope was left at Cape Riley by Sir John Franklin's expedition, and in all probability the canvass likewise, as that also bears the Queen's mark.

"With respect to the period at which this occurred, which can only be conjectured by the state and appearance of the several articles picked up, their Lordships will observe from Sir John Richardson's very interesting report that, so far as the question admits of solution, there is at least a strong probability of their having been left at Cape Riley about the year 1845.

"I would, therefore, submit to their Lordships what appears to me the most probable conclusion—namely, that Sir John Franklin's ships having reached this neighbourhood on their way out in 1845, and being stopped there for a time by the state of the ice (as I was, and as we know the present searching expeditions have been), a couple of boats may have been detached from each ship to land at Cape Riley, to make the usual observations, collect specimens, and examine the coast—a common occurrence in all such expeditions. If detained for a night, each boat's crew may have pitched its own tent, and one for the officers, making five in all. The only circumstance which I cannot explain (supposing the encampment to have been formed by Sir John Franklin's people) is, the large size of the tents, which Mr. Snow has just described to us as twelve feet in diameter and upwards, and which is certainly very large for tents generally used on such occasions. This may, in part, perhaps be explained by the stones being thrown from the centre, and the circle thus considerably enlarged when striking the tents.

"At the commencement of their enterprise (which, looking to former discoveries, the entrance to Wellington Inlet may fairly be considered), a party from the *Exebus* and *Terror* might not think it of any importance to leave a notice of their visit, though it is much to be wished that they had; and I should hope that at some more advanced position Captain Ommanney and the other officers will have succeeded in discovering some such notice, affording positive information of the missing ships, and of the route they are likely to have pursued.

"On the other hand I feel confident, that if the expedition, or any portion of the people, had landed at Cape Riley at a more advanced period, when success began to be doubtful, and especially if in distress, or with a view to effect their escape from the ice, some distinct notice of the facts would have been left at a point so prominent and so likely to be visited as Cape Riley. I may add that under such circumstances it is very highly improbable that provisions so heavy and bulky as salt beef and pork would have formed a part of their supply; and mutton would, of course, have been wholly out of the question."

The piece of old canvass referred to is seemingly part of a boat's swab, with the Queen's mark upon it, and having a nail-hole in it, by which it had been fastened to the handle. The other articles on which Sir John Richardson comments are

three largish beef bones, a bone of a small hog, and one of small sheep, probably of the Highland breed, taken in before the expedition left the shores of Scotland. On a careful and microscopic examination of these, Sir John reports:—

"The beef bones, almost without doubt, belong to the ordinary pieces of salt beef supplied to the navy—as their length and the way in which they have been chopped and sawed correspond closely with bones from a beef-cask which I examined at Clarence-yard. No. 4, (the hog-bone,) I am inclined, with as little doubt, to consider as the remains of a piece of pork. No. 5, (the mutton-bone,) may be the relic of an officer's dinner on mutton. The whole evidence to be derived from their condition points to their deposit subsequent to Captain Beechey's visit, and prior to Sir James Ross's wintering at Cape Leopold, and therefore indicates that they were left by parties from Sir John Franklin's ships in the first year of his voyage, when the ships probably were detained waiting for an opening in the ice, and officers had landed from them to make observations."

On perusing these interesting extracts, we think our readers will do us the credit to acknowledge that it would, *prima facie*, seem as if these high authorities had adopted the *Literary Gazette* conclusions upon the evidence before it, rather than that it should enjoy the gratification of finding so striking a coincidence with its views on the accounts that had transpired, confirmed by new proofs, and coming from such sources. Surely this fact of close agreement must tend to impress the implied hope, common to both, with an augmented force of probability.

To these facts we ought to add, for the sake of historical reference, that the latest accounts from the Sandwich Islands state that the *Enterprise*, Captain Collinson, had sailed for Behring's Straits, and that the *Investigator* would follow on the 6th of July, to rejoin her colleague in the search of the Arctic regions on the western side. The following particulars from farther communication to the Admiralty, also merit record in the history of these interesting transactions. A memorandum issued by Captain Austin to the commanders of the *Assistance* and the screw tenders *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*, states, that on considering the most probable route of the missing expedition in its return by way of Lancaster Sound, or of any of the crews that might have left their vessels, it appears that they would have attempted to reach Pond's Bay either during the late autumn of last year, or the earliest moment this spring, with the hope of meeting the whalers in the present season. "Therefore the *Resolute* and her tender will proceed to Pond's Bay, and, if it can be done, communicate with the natives there; then, as circumstances admit, search along that shore on her way to Whaler-point. The *Assistance* and her tender will commence the search at Cape Warden, continuing it along the north shore to Wellington Strait, examine its shores and neighbourhood, and proceed so far up it as is practicable and sufficient to fully satisfy that it has or has not been the course of the missing ships. As Mr. Penny, in his *Success*, will traverse the northern part of this strait, there is good reason to hope that so very important a doubt will be set at rest." If no record should be found of Sir J. Franklin having proceeded in that direction, the ships are to rendezvous between Capes Rennell, Hotham, and Reilly. Directions are also given for a search in the neighbourhood of Cape Walker, and on the north shore of the Parry Islands. Captain Austin directs that "with a view to attract the attention of any of the missing persons, care must be taken that during the periods of darkness, and when fogs prevail, periodical signals are made—rockets, blue lights, guns, muskets, maroons, drums, gongs, bells, and whistles being employed, as most suitable according to circumstances. When in open water a document is to be occasionally thrown overboard, containing the necessary particulars as detailed in the printed papers supplied."

With regard to the overland expedition from the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. John Rae, the chief factor of the Company, writes to Sir John Richardson, under the date of Portage la Locke, 30th July last:—

"You are aware that I was, if possible, to resume my search this summer for the unfortunate missing navigators. A Government express, conveying instructions to this effect, met me on the 25th ult., one day's journey below Slave Lake. Commander Pullen, being in company with his party, received orders to the same effect, the route pointed out for him being to the westward of the Copper Mine, as far as Cape Bathurst, and thence out to sea in the direction of Banks' Land—rather a hazardous experiment with open boats. As the stock of provisions would not admit of two expeditions being equipped, Pullen (who is much better fitted for such an undertaking in almost all respects than I am) had the preference, and will take with him pemican and dry meat to the amount of 4,500lb., which is to be stowed in one of our large batteaux, and in one of the *Plover's* boats. So small a quantity of provisions is left at Fort Simpson that I do not know how our full business is to be carried on. In order, therefore, that the expenses incurred may not be entirely thrown away, I have determined to return to Bear Lake, and pass the winter at Fort Confidence, to build two boats there, similar to those of Dease and Simpson, and with them attempt, next summer, to reach Wollaston or Victoria Land, *via* the Copper Mine. Should we be fortunate in procuring provisions during the winter, and our party be healthy in the spring, I shall endeavour to proceed twelve or fourteen days' journey to the northward, over the ice, in the month of May next; and in the event of being unsuccessful, as in all probability we shall be, the boats will be ordered to meet me at the Kendall; and should the ice permit, I shall, with them, endeavour to blot out the memory of my last year's failure." [From which, as our readers will recollect, we never augured the likelihood of any gratifying result.]

Glancing over the regions visited and, as it were, provisioned, we must fancy what glorious discoveries are in store for tribes of Esquimaux who may fall in with these, (to them) El Dorado depots. It is mentioned by a correspondent of the *Times*, that a piece of linen marked "Corporal Calloway" was found among the fragments at Cape Riley.

On the attempts to resolve the total Pressure of the Atmosphere into two parts, that of Vapour and that of Dry Air. By J. A. Broun. (British Association, Section A.)

PROFESSOR DOVE proposed, several years ago, to explain the two maxima and two minima occurring in the diurnal variation of the total atmospheric pressure by the combination of two simple variations of the vapour in the atmosphere and the dry air; this hypothesis was illustrated by Colonel Sabine, in his report on the meteorology of Toronto, by a discussion of the Toronto observations, to which he added a discussion of the Greenwich observations,* and in another volume of the Association's Reports, of observations made at Bombay. The process adopted was the following: Having obtained the hourly means of the total pressure for the year from the barometric observations, and the hourly means of the vapour pressure as computed by Dr. Apjohn's formula from the observations of the psychrometer, the latter were subtracted from the former, hour by hour; the differences, supposed to represent the pressures of the dry air, were then found by Colonel Sabine to exhibit only one maximum and one minimum in the twenty-four hours.

In the discussion of the Makerstoun observations for 1843, (p. 284,) I showed that this result of only one maximum and one minimum in the diurnal variation of the supposed dry air pressure was not obtained for the winter quarter of the year. In

* See the Report of the British Association for 1844.

the volume of Makerstoun observations for 1844, (p. 424.) I again noticed the subject as follows: "The variation of the pressure of the dry air thus determined is double in winter, like that of the total pressure; there is a secondary maximum and minimum in autumn, and the variation is single, with some irregularities in the other quarters and for the whole year." "The law of variation is so different in the different quarters of the year, that no confidence should be placed in these results as exhibiting the diurnal variation of the pressure of dry air; it appears extremely probable that the true pressure of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is not to be determined by means of the psychrometer." I have not returned to this question in the last volumes of the Makerstoun observations; but as it still rests in the Reports of the Association as illustrated by Colonel Sabine, I have imagined that the real failure and cause of the apparent, though partial, success of the hypothesis, should also appear in the transactions of this Section.

The following results are obtained from four years of the Makerstoun observations. I give, however, the variations of the hourly means only for the summer and winter quarters of the year, as sufficient to exhibit both sides of the question.*

Hourly Differences from the mean pressures in inches of mercury.

Makers- toun Inches.	Winter.			Summer.		
	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	May.	June.	July.
	Variations of pressure of Atmo- sphere.			Variations of pressure of Atmo- sphere.		
Hour.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	in.
12	+0026	-0050	+0076	+0040	-0130	+0170
13	-0041	-0050	+0009	+0010	-0160	+0170
14	-0055	-0050	-0005	-0028	-0200	+0172
15	-0108	-0050	-0058	-0047	-0240	+0193
16	-0159	-0050	-0109	-0025	-0240	+0215
17	-0179	-0050	-0129	+0016	-0170	+0186
18	-0158	-0040	-0118	+0049	-0050	+0059
19	-0096	-0050	-0046	+0075	+0010	+0065
20	-0012	-0040	-0028	+0091	+0060	+0031
21	+0060	-0010	+0070	+0082	+0080	+0002
22	+0122	+0040	+0062	+0071	+0100	-0029
23	+0058	-0020	+0018	+0056	+0120	-0064
0	+0043	+0110	-0067	+0029	+0150	-0121
1	-0005	+0130	-0135	+0003	+0150	-0147
2	-0029	+0120	-0149	-0035	+0160	-0195
3	-0010	+0090	-0100	-0080	+0130	-0210
4	+0017	+0050	-0033	-0117	+0120	-0237
5	+0034	+0020	-0014	-0136	+0130	-0266
6	+0060	-0010	+0070	-0163	+0050	-0193
7	+0073	-0020	+0083	-0060	+0050	-0140
8	+0085	-0030	+0115	-0006	+0040	-0046
9	+0095	-0030	+0125	+0024	-0020	-0044
10	+0078	-0040	+0118	+0044	-0060	+0104
11	+0066	-0050	+0116	+0051	-0100	+0151

In the summer quarter the pressure of the atmosphere has a double oscillation daily; the computed pressure of vapour has a single oscillation, but with a much larger range than either of the oscillations of the total pressure. When the vapour pressure is subtracted from the total pressure, we obtain, as might be expected from the greater range of the vapour pressure, a variation for the dry air pressure with a single oscillation nearly the inverse of that for the vapour. The hypothesis appears successful. We perform the same operation for winter as in the first portion of the Table; but instead of a single oscillation for the assumed dry air pressure, we have a better marked double oscillation than is shown in the variation of the total pressure. The hypothesis fails. The apparent success in the first instance is evidently due to the large (but probably erroneous) range of the variations of vapour pressure. It appears almost certain from other considerations that the dry and wet bulb thermometers, like all other hygrometers, can only tell the apparent humidity of the limited locality which they occupy—if they can tell that well. In the observations made at Pekin, which form portion of the great mass published by the Russian government, it has been remarked that the diurnal variations of hu-

* The means for the other quarters of the height of the barometer and vapour tension will be found in the Edinburgh Transactions, Vol. xix., Part II.

midity as indicated by the psychrometer are much affected by the watering of the streets of the city; this must be equally true in the country during every summer shower, it must also be true for localities much shaded, or near masses of water. In short, it appears almost certain that the relation of the tension of the vapour of water in the atmosphere to the apparent humidity is wholly different from their relation in closed vessels.

The common method of determining the tension of vapour is to send a drop of water into the vacuum of the barometer, which fills the space with vapour at a tension depending upon the temperature, and lowers the column of mercury by this pressure; it is concluded that when the hygrometers show the atmosphere saturated at any locality with vapour at similar temperatures, the pressure will increase the height of the mercury in the barometer by corresponding quantities. Without entering into the many objections that may be brought against this hypothesis, I shall describe an experiment which I attempted two years ago, to test its truth directly. Having obtained a vessel with a glazed front, containing a barometer and thermometer, and capable of being closed so completely that the variations of pressure of the external atmosphere do not affect the height of the barometer within the vessel; I first observed the height of the barometer when the vessel was open and contained air of the same humidity as without; I then introduced a bag of chloride of lime into the vessel and rapidly closed it, and observed the height of the barometer till the air within was completely dried. My first experiments failed from imperfections in the apparatus; in the last, however, I had the use of an apparatus employed by Messrs. Adie for graduating their sphygmometers, which they kindly allowed me for this experiment. As the experiment requires many precautions, and contains many sources of error which I could not wholly avoid, I shall not at present give the actual result, but content myself with stating my belief from these experiments that the formulae usually employed for determining the pressure of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere are considerably in error. The experiment, however, will be repeated shortly, I believe, with more care, and with an apparatus made for the purpose.

I might add, in conclusion, that in those cases when fogs suddenly settle down upon a place, and indicate by the formulae a considerable increase of vapour tension, I have not observed any corresponding changes of the barometer. Colonel Sykes, in a paper in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of London* for last session, has brought forward many results showing the inaccuracy of the received views and formulae, and I am glad to know that we hold similar opinions upon the whole question.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—October 10th.—The first day of term the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Williams, St. Edmund Hall; J. Clark, Magdalen Hall; R. H. Gatty, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, October 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Henry Back, Trinity College; E. C. Mountain, B.A. [1847], Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—De Lisle de Beauvoir Dobrée, St. Peter's College; W. W. Kirby, Queen's College.

Ad eundem.—W. Battiscombe, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford; P. Fraser, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

ARCHAEOLOGY.

EXCAVATIONS AT BISHOP STORTFORD, HERTFORDSHIRE.

In digging in the ground adjacent to the castle mound at Bishop Stortford, belonging to William Taylor, Esq., of that town, some days ago, the foundations of buildings were accidentally discovered, and Mr. Taylor immediately caused them to be uncovered. A mass of masonry was thus brought to light, consisting of a piece of rather massive wall, forming a right angle with a very

small room, from which a drain ran, the entrance of which is built partly of Roman tiles. It is difficult to judge if this were the lower part of a small tower attached to the wall of a fortress, or part of a much older house. At the invitation of Mr. Taylor, Messrs. Roach Smith, Thomas Wright, and Yarrell (the naturalist), visited the spot on Wednesday last, the 16th inst., and met there Mr. Joseph Clarke, of Saffron Walden, and several gentlemen of the vicinity. They judged the masonry, in which were several fragments of Roman tiles and other materials, to be very early, at the least early Norman, and to have been perhaps raised upon still older foundations. During the morning, several excavations were made in the area behind this spot, in the hope of tracing other walls, but without success, though fragments of several human skeletons were found.

The ancient castle of Bishop Stortford appears to have consisted almost solely of a walled enclosure of no great extent, on the summit of the enormous mound of earth rising just behind the spot on which these remains were found. The ruins of the wall at the top still remain, the masonry of which differs not much from the upper part of that just alluded to, and contains fragments of Roman brick. There are several of these castle mounds in this part of the kingdom, and it has been a matter of doubt whether they were raised for the purpose of supporting a tower, or whether they were not rather large Roman barrows, or burial mounds, which had, in the late Saxon or early Norman period, been adopted for the purpose of defence. This latter notion appears the most probable, and it must be confessed that the mound at Stortford, which, we believe, is between three and four hundred yards in circumference at the base, has altogether the air of a barrow. At the suggestion of his visitors, Mr. Taylor has determined to run a shaft to the centre, and ascertain the real character of this mound, and, if nothing of more importance be discovered, he will at least set this question at rest.

Mr. Taylor deserves great praise for the zeal with which he has taken up this subject, and we hope that it will have a result that will, by its satisfactory character, repay his liberality. The party of antiquaries, who had responded to his invitation on Wednesday, were received with the greatest hospitality both by Mr. Taylor himself, with whom they dined, and by Mr. and Mrs. Canning, (the lady well known as a distinguished artist,) who received them at lunch, and allowed them to examine the large collection of Roman coins and other antiquities known to have been found about seventy years ago on the site of the Roman station at Chesterford, in Essex, but the fate of which was, till the present time, totally unknown to antiquaries, who supposed them to be lost.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES.

A YORKSHIRE correspondent informs us, that it is the intention of Lord Lonsborough to enter upon an extensive archaeological investigation of the *tumuli* of Yorkshire, for the purpose of comparing their contents with those of the Kentish barrows. His lordship has been sojourning during the autumn at Scarborough, and last week visited the estate from which he takes his title, for the first time since it became his property. As there is no mansion, Lord and Lady Lonsborough took up their quarters at the little town of Market Weighton, about two miles from the Park, and the inhabitants hardly knew how to express their delight, by bell-ringing, music, and other rejoicings, till on the second night his Lordship had to entreat for mercy.

RIBCHESTER.

WE have received a very satisfactory and gratifying letter from Lord de Tabley, in answer to our appeal in last *Gazette*, relating to the Ribchester researches. There will, as we anticipated, be no lack of aid from his lordship, whenever excavations can be proceeded with on a proper footing, and for the benefit of the science.

CHESTER ARCHEOLOGICAL, ARCHITECTURAL, AND HISTORIC SOCIETY.

The storminess of the night for the monthly meeting, on Monday evening, did not deter the Marquess of Westminster from coming from Eaton, as patron of an association in which persons of all classes and parties seem to take an increasing interest. The Chancellor read a letter from J. D. Henchcliffe, Esq., who presented to the society three folio volumes of the *Vitruvius Britannicus*, in which (by the way) is an exact architectural plan and elevation of the old Eaton Hall, as it stood in the days of Sir Richard Grosvenor. The first paper read was by the Rev. Canon Blomfield, on the general subject of coins, as an archaeological study. He began by pointing out the assistance derived from the symbols, dates, and legends upon coins, by the astronomer as well as the historian, which he exemplified by a medal representing the great comet which was thought by the Romans to have predicted the death of their Emperor Augustus, and from which Halley was enabled to determine the cycle of its return; and again by the coins of Vespasian, which commemorate and bring before us as a fact registered in gold and silver by the conqueror himself, the taking of Jerusalem, a female weeping at the foot of a palm tree, with the legend "Judaea capta." In speaking of the date when stamped coin began to be used in the world, he assigned the invention to about 600 B.C., though silver and gold, in form of dice and rings, were given by weight in barter and exchange for goods long before that period, as we read in the history of Abraham. This was delineated in a picture found within some of the buildings of Egypt, said by Wilkinson to be as old as the age of Abraham. He gave an outline of the history of the Greek mint, and thence passed on to the early large pound weight copper of Rome, until they settled down into the imperial coins so commonly found everywhere, called first, second, and third brasses, answering in size to our own penny, halfpenny, and farthing. He accounted for the great multitude of these found in excavations, wherever Romans had dwelt, by the want of any paper medium, and by the fact of wages and purchases being paid in small copper pieces, especially to the soldiers, which would render them obviously common. Mr. John Morris had lent many of the best specimens out of his valuable collection for exhibition, such as the sons of Brutus, a singular one relating to the sewerage of Rome, also the Roman prototype of the Britannia on our penny, and sundry others, good drawings of which had also been made on large paper, though not quite large and coarse enough to be seen distinctly at a distance, a point most essential to the clearness of a lecture. Mr. Blomfield ended his interesting paper by expressing a wish that Mr. Gardner would follow up the subject with the English coinage, to which he had long given much attention, and on which he had written copious notes. Mr. James Harrison afterwards exhibited complete and accurate drawings of the tower and spire of Davenham Church, one of the best and of the most perfect proportion in Cheshire. —*Chester Courant*, Oct. 9.

CAERLEON ANTIQUARIAN ASSOCIATION.

REVERTING to the last annual meeting of this numerically small Society—consisting of, we believe, only some thirty or forty members—we wish to make it generally known, that they have dared to erect a museum for their local antiquities. This creditable achievement of itself places this association in a foremost rank, and shame some other bodies, whose first and last object seems to be a long list of members, whose qualifications amount to nothing, for they exact in books and other benefits much more than the value of their yearly subscription, even if this were paid regularly; and the treasurers well know that not above half of these persons can be relied upon for more than a year. We therefore look with satisfaction at the efforts of our friends at Caerleon, who rest upon a much

more solid foundation, in trusting to pure zeal and love of science for support. A museum for local antiquities is what the metropolis does not possess, and the British Museum, instead of having the national antiquities arranged in counties, has not, in point of fact, even a single apartment exclusively devoted to them; and yet the Trustees obtain enormous sums annually from Parliament, while the same Parliament will not recognise any local institution, although it may effect what the National Institution, fed as it has so bountifully been, has ever yet even attempted to do.

We shall now show the manner in which the Caerleon Association works. It was stated that during the whole of the past year, Mr. John Jenkins has continued his excavations almost daily in the large Roman villa in his grounds. The objects which have been lately discovered are yet unpublished; and it may serve as an instance of the utility of the public museum, to state, that a large portion of a pillar altar, dug up in the morning of the day, was secured for examination in the museum in the afternoon.

The Report states, that Mr. John James, the landlord, and Mr. Clarke, the tenant, of Pil Bach farm, have allowed the Association to excavate a tessellated pavement which, it appears, has been undisturbed in the farm-yard.

Mr. J. E. Lee, the Honorary Secretary, exhibited many interesting objects of Roman art lately discovered, and tracings of two inscriptions found in the grounds of Mr. Jenkins. The first of these is on a stone or tablet, and records its dedication to the goddess Fortune "by the prefect of the camp," whose name is not very distinct. The other Mr. Lee stated to be an altar dedicated to Mithras, or the Sun; unfortunately the first part of the first two lines is mutilated; what remains of the inscription, however, appears to warrant the reading, SANCTO MITHRAE. The inscription restored signifies that "S. Justus or S. Fustus erected this tablet to the holy Mithras when . . . was emperor." Mr. Lee compared this with similar remains found at York, and remarked that the rites of Mithras are stated by the early fathers of the church to have resembled in some points those of Christianity, and that on this account they were thought the more dangerous.

After having elected the Committee, the meeting visited the museum, where the local antiquities were displayed; and refreshments were afterwards served on the summit of the castle mound.

The chief papers read were by Mr. Wakeman, "On the Chronology of British History in the Fifth Century, and the true Eras of some of the principal Personages of that Period;" and by the Rev. D. Jones, "On the antiquity of the British Church."

LIVERPOOL ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At its meeting on the 2nd, the President, Mr. Picton, in the chair, the principal business was a paper by Mr. Huggins, "On Art, especially as connected with Architecture."

INSPECTION AT SUDBURY.

SOME members of the West Suffolk Archaeological Association visited the Town-hall, and examined the borough antiquities; among which were a description and translation of the grant from Roger Mortimer, Earl of Ulster, in 1391, of leave to the corporation of Sudbury to appoint two Sergeants-at-Mace; and a letter from the Mayor of Sudbury to the Lord Abbot of Bury, in 1467, protesting against the right of the latter to felons' goods within the borough. They were written in Norman-French.

Mr. Tymms, Honorary Secretary to the Bury Association, explained a curious painting on a panel (exhibited by G. Dupont, Esq.), supposed to

* We trust Mr. Lee will lay before the antiquarian public *fac-similes* of these inscriptions; and we would suggest their being exhibited at an early meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, whence they would be made generally known abroad as well as at home.

have formed part of a rood-screen in one of the churches of this town. It was a portrait of Sir John Schorn, Rector of North Marston, Bucks, a very popular English saint, celebrated for his cure of the ague and other diseases, who was represented holding a boat, with the head of an imp appearing above the top; the popular legend being, that he confined the devil in a boat. Below, on the same panel, was a portion of the portrait of St. Awdry, of Ely, to the gaiety of whose head-dress we owed the epithet of "*awdry*."—[*Architect.*] In the town, the birth-place of Gainsborough, 1727, was visited. The Churches, the walls of the old Priory, and other ancient places were also examined.

FINE ARTS.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

THE first lecture of the season was delivered by Mr. Wornum at the School in Somerset House. It was on the Character of Style in Ornament, and in our judgment a very able discourse, going through the whole wide range of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Saracenic, and Gothic styles, to the compound and variety seen in those of the middle ages or Christian, with all the geometric features which belong to this long period.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION

OPENED its session for 1850-1 on the 4th, and a satisfactory report of the increase of members to 150 was read by Mr. Saddon, one of the secretaries. It was stated the Architectural Exhibition had been so numerously visited, that the receipts would nearly repay the expenditure. The chairman, Mr. J. D. Wyatt, read an address, and considerable discussion ensued upon the question of competition in building matters, to be decided by committees of every description. A report of the Architectural Association Committee on this subject was read, and various rules for improvements proposed.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE statues to be set up on the four pedestals in the line of the inclosure will be those of Newton, Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon, of which models have been made by Sir Richard Westmacott. A portion of the sculpture for the tympanum of the pediment, also by Sir Richard Westmacott, is now on the premises, and represents the progress of man from a savage condition up to the highest state of intellectual advancement. The part already there is executed in a broad, bold style, in Portland stone, and promises to be effective in its place. This sculpture, the antefixæ, and the intended groups at foot of the central portico, may be expected to give what the edifice at present very much wants externally,—life and movement.—*The Builder*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

VOLKS-FEST OF BAVARIA.

Munich, Oct. 8.

LAST Sunday, the first in October, commenced the *Volks-Fest*, that festival of the Bavarian people, when the peasants from all the royal possessions pass before the king, the royal company, and the assembled people, to receive prizes and honourable notice, for the good results of their labour and cattle rearing, to wrestle, to shoot, and to run races. The morning was very wet, as many previous days had been—the weather having prevented, for the past week, the unveiling and inauguration of Schwanthaler's great statue of Bavaria. By twelve the rain had ceased, and then a stream of people of all classes set towards that portion of the plain called the Theresien Weide, beyond the western suburbs of Munich—the town wives and daughters, who had to hold up their modern skirts from the "sludge" of mud—the peasant women, in their odd square-cut thick shoes and clocked stockings, who had no such need, for far out of dirt's reach, swung

from their high waists, in thick, short folds, the dark, heavy petticoats—the peasant men, with their high leather-legged boots, and their great red and blue umbrellas bundled up under their arms—vans full of natives, and hired fiacres of citizens and hotel visitors, and every now and then dashing past, a more polished carriage with the grander folk—all making their way, and arriving on the trampled grass and sticking mud of the plain. In the centre was the pavilion for the king, a white tent, with blue scalloped awning, opposite which was the raised box of benches for the *Herrschaften* (gentry), and, above, another for the military bands; and on either side the great bank, formed into an amphitheatre of many wide earth-steps, or terraces, where stood the hundreds of people to whom belonged that mottled sea of heads, and presently of coloured umbrellas. Below were regiments of blue-coated military, with their white-plumed officers on caracoling steeds, which they rendered restive for the admiration of the crowd, as well as for keeping the arena clear for the coming show. Opposite were more and more people; on each side the pavilion other wooden erections for paid seats, and similar ones, also, for beer, and refreshment houses, were scattered over the plain. Great branches of fir, planted in rows like young trees, and connected by festoons of green, crossed the plain, ornamented the fronts of the timbers, and decorated every available space; and flags of the Bavarian white and blue, or German black, red, and gold, waved everywhere against the unfortunately grey clouds. Spectators of all classes, countenances, sizes, and shapes still poured in—the stolid peasantry leading about their cattle and horses—the sunburnt women greeting their city friends—the Munich ornament of gold or silver swallow-tail glistening among the crowd—the students, with their little caps, bright green, and sometimes red, over one side of their youthful faces—rows of people gathered and gathering everywhere—and away behind the towers of Munich, and on the height, the huge grey mass of wooden work that still concealed with solemn veil the Bavaria, of which only one colossal and graceful arm could be seen, raised, with the laurel wreath in the uplifted hand, against the sky. Carriages now began to roll up the arena, and to set down well-dressed, rustling, regal people, and there was a good deal of bowing in the royal tent, especially from one gentleman in a scarlet coat, who formed the bright and most polite focus of colour and behaviour to the whole scene. Finally came the carriage of King Maximilian, containing himself and his brother Otto, King of Greece, in the crimson fez and true costume, upon which cannon boomed, and men jumped upon the seats, and made the noises which signify the same sentiment as our own hurrahs; the military bands, with kettle-drums and every instrument of noise, played our own glorious "God save the King," and everything was done to stun and confuse the royal brains that a loyal people could desire. The cocked-hatted servants rolled away on and behind the carriages—the last hurriers ran and tripped along the arena, and looked round, unconscious, in their anxieties to get a place, that they were the conspicuous cause of the jeering laughter of the crowd, and when they discovered it, hurried awkwardly into more welcome obscurity. The royal society got settled, and the people pressed forward. Presently the crowd separated, leaving a way for a cart, laden and festooned with all sorts of vegetables, drawn by the village team, and preceded by four girls, in lilac bodices and large straw hats with green ribbons, bearing baskets of fruits as offerings from the gardeners of Bamberg, whose daughters they were; and the name of which village was embroidered in silver upon the blue flag borne before them. This cleared off, and after some preparatory neighing, horses in their best condition, well groomed and tightly girthed, were led before the king. Chesnut, black, brown, and bay, passed him one by one, coming afterwards round the arena for the people to see. Each horse was held

close to the bit by a peasant, and was followed by a discontented-looking proprietor, carrying a prize flag, of which there were fifty-four, twenty-two being first prizes, and in his hand the rewards, consisting of a great blue roll, and a blue book; the roll looked like an immense *baton* of French barley-sugar, but it was a diploma testifying his skill, a cheap governmental honour, to be hereafter hung upon his cottage wall. Next, accompanied by more music, came some hideous bulls, one by one, swaying to and fro in a state of extreme and shaking obesity, but so furious as to require their legs to be tethered—horrible and wicked faces they had, with eyelids drooping from very grossness, and garlanded horns, like the sacred bulls of the olden times. Sometimes, led by a peasant woman, followed, in less developed hideousness, a young production of the same species, who in this time of triumph pressed itself for protection closer to its fat parent. These creatures were got rid of, and then there was a lull—but music soon struck up—a tramping of feet and turning of heads announced something—it was a procession of more prize banners, borne by a number of men in an odd costume of blue and white, with the variation of red, yellow, and orange legs. When this had passed, and during the continual trumpeting of the military band, came the light-made jockey boys and slender men wearing floating scarves striped with various colours, who bowed before the king, and then mounted the lean-looking collection of race-horses which followed. There was a good deal of German talk, with the occurrence of the word *gulden*, and there was a little betting going on. Now they had set off—they were going round; there was a murmur in one part—a sensation of a strong coloured wind, and a vision of a red cap first, spines endangered, by being very much bent back, and flying horses; this was repeated several times, with slight variations concerning the red cap, but no variation at all with regard to two poor fellows who were always a long while after the others, and who were greeted by an ungrateful public with jeers in return for their exertions, when, after each race was generally supposed to be over, the soiled yellow dress and its accompanying black one, the owners in a state of jaded heat, came jolting on, still urging their steeds to the utmost. The last race was run. There was again a restlessness in the royal tent—the scarlet focus was busy with adieus—the carriages rolled up, and rolled away—the cannons boomed, by way of a last confusion—the people chattered, clattered, and went away in groups, and the first day of the Volks-Fest was over, although, to judge from the somewhat thick sounds of uncertain singing and strange shouting that continually passed beneath the windows, breaking upon the quiet of the night, the private convivialities were kept up, with all the delights and resultive merriments of beer.

On Monday, at twelve o'clock, the procession of shooters appeared upon the plain—the clouds still gloomy and gray—previously to which, in one of its outskirts, there had been some examination of hoofs and mouths, in the buying and selling of cattle, or lounging looks at the silkworm's produce, of which there was a quantity well and intelligently arranged by the society of women to whom it belonged—one formed and continued under the patronage of the Queen—or at very large vegetables and fruit, great pumpkins, gourds, hemp and Indian corn, shown on an adjoining stall—or greater chatter and gaiety at a lottery for the benefit of the poor—six kreutzers, or twopence, for the chance of possessing any of those tempting articles, from a pincushion, pair of braces, or handkerchief, to an elegant easy-chair covered with red silk. But soon all this was deserted, as well as the numerous well supported refreshment places, where there was a constant washing-up of dishes and plates and mugs, after their use for white cheese, bread, sausages, bacon, coffee, and that tremendous article beer, with which all constantly refreshed the inner man; for the sound of music was heard, and quaint redly-cos-

tumed figures came nearer and clearer, with cheeks distended, and eyes almost hidden from the violence of their trumpeting before our blue-and-white familiars of yesterday, who to-day bore other flags answering to themselves and Bavarian sympathies in colour, and were followed by the hardy-looking shooters, in their gray coats, faced with green, gums strapped across their backs, like the chamois hunters, and Tyrolean hats, with artificial flowers or an owl's patient but terrible head at the side. The gun-bearers entered a tent provided for them, and furnished with a table for their powder-flasks, ramrods, and other contrivances for recreative destruction. Men in scarlet began to run about—get in and out of the way—that is, in the way of each other, and out of the way of the shots—and halloo a good deal as they arranged the targets, of which there were about six. Soon from wooden huts began the firing; a representative stag was kept in continual movement behind a small space filled with fir branches, and a very large bird fixed to the top of a pole was jolted to and fro. All the afternoon the busy guns were aimed at these objects, and were heard even as the last rays of the evening sun tipped the mountains with gold.

On Tuesday, the Olympic games commenced. The day was brighter, and the people, on foot, fiacres, and carriages, flocked to the place in even greater numbers than before, and hurried to collect upon the earth-terraces. No king would be in the pavilion to-day, where common people now might cluster. Its awning was removed, and little boys improvised gymnastic exercises, by climbing up and down the blue-and-white poles that had supported it, and, in the freedom of no-dignity, at astride with dangling legs even on the august top. Other of the numerous class ran across the arena, now freshly laid with tan for the coming wrestlers, to get the best places in the front ranks, while others raised themselves to difficult and perilous places, and grinned with satisfaction, not only at the danger, but because of their good view over the heads of others unable to see into the scene of action. About half-past two there was an evident excitement among the black-coated gentlemen of the committee, some of whom rode up and down to keep the way clear for the procession now appearing. Again came the red fellows, looking as one imagines they must have looked in a masque performed before Queen Elizabeth, still distending themselves with the same devotion to their instruments of noise. Next the bearers of the flags, this time sparkling in the delightful sunbeams that glittered on the long floating hair of four young girls who followed in white and blue gauze, with wreaths upon their heads. Next, walking erect, came the twenty-five wrestlers in close-fitting yellow tunics, edged with black, and sandalled feet. Then the *wageners* or wheelwrights, rolling blue-and-white wheels, amongst them an old wheel, garlanded, in remembrance of a young man of their trade, who, at Augsburg, a hundred or more years ago, in one day made a wheel and trundled it from there to Munich, some forty-one English miles, an example of speed which they proceeded to imitate by trundling their own round the plain, one of which came in to loud bravos, and the others to the echo of the same. Then the wrestlers, to the sound of the trumpets and the busy warnings of the committee, ranged themselves about the arena. The signal was given; each one pressed forward; there was some slipping on the terraces and breaking down of benches, all eager for the sight; and women's faces changed colour when they saw these men, in their strength, twining into one another; the vanquished ones rose from the ground, and strode back to their place, still glaring at their opponents; the victor gazed disdainfully round, and walking up to the one he selected for another struggle, raised his arm for signal—they advanced to the centre, watched each other for some moments, like noble beasts, then joined impulsively. Some shouted and cried, bravo!—others turned sick, and shuddered at each

new trial. When the victory of the ground was decided on, some ten took up stones of enormous weight, poised them with uplifted arms a moment in the air, then flung them to a distance, each taking his stand with raised foot on the position of his throw, while measurers ascertained the farthest. Then they showed their strength, some in raising themselves in human pyramids, one balanced on another—some closing around in crouching poses, as in antique bas-reliefs and pediments. At this moment, the general effect was worthy the old associations summoned by the name given to these games. The stretch of the plain, even to the feet of the Alps, now very clear, yet dreamy in sublime ruggedness of mysterious line—the towers of the city in the distance—the still-concealed Bavaria, one arm only revealed against the sky—the dark quietness of the forests far away in the west—the crowds of eager people on the wide earth-terraces of the open amphitheatre and in the centre of the arena, with broad shadows of the now glorious sunlight—these heroic groups! When these were dissipated, there was a throwing of lances at a terrible figure set up for that purpose, with mimic fir-trees on either side. This exercise did not seem very successful; the lances seemed almost always to go among the green, or glance off the unharmed hideous stiffness of the monster. This over, the twenty-five ran very hard, with their heads bent forward, tumbling at the end. The committee decided upon what was considered the first arrival. Finally, all were rewarded with governmental gifts and popular honour. So beneficial was the example, that, as the crowd dispersed, its more juvenile members might be seen with vicious and brutal expressions on their heated little faces, and with glowing, burning eyes, striving to throw each other. To-morrow will be a day for these children and their children's children to remember, for it will be devoted to the ceremony of unveiling the colossal Bavaria.

The Unveiling of the Bavaria, celebrated on the Fourth Day of the Volks-Fest.

Munich, Oct. 10.

ON Wednesday the sun shone brilliantly, and no gloom was cast on a day so important to the kingdom and its capital, when the wooden screen was to be pulled down, and the national statue revealed to the people; no rain to damp those offerings which each trade desired to present before the ex-king Ludwig, in gratitude for his colossal gift. The Theresien Weise, the site of the Bavaria, is elevated some forty feet above the general level; the statue itself being fifty-four feet high, and the granite pedestal thirty. To form some idea of its colossal size, the following measurements have been ascertained:—the face is equal to the height of a man, the body twelve feet in diameter, the arm five, the index finger six inches, and two hands cannot cover the nail of the great toe. It is cast in bronze; to procure a sufficient quantity of which, Greek divers were employed to obtain the cannon sunk at the battle of Navarino; the whole weight of the metal being computed at about 125 tons. We must do honour to the grand idea of this magnificent figure, rising in its sublimity from the silence of the plain, and having for a background the "Ruhmeshalle," or "Hall of Heroes,"—a white marble temple, of Doric architecture, composed of a centre and two wings, and forming a semicircle behind the figure. The "Ruhmeshalle," where will be preserved the busts of the great men of Bavaria, was confided by the ex-king to the genius of Leon von Klenze, the celebrated architect. It is still in progress, and cannot be completed for some years. The commission for the statue was given to Schwanthaler, the now dead sculptor. He first, in 1838, modelled a figure some thirteen feet high, which, being approved of, was increased by himself and his assistant, Lazarini, to the proposed gigantic proportions; the tons of clay being heaped upon a framework of wood strengthened with stone and iron. Although of such enormous size, the figure

is profoundly beautiful—the head especially so, the grandeur of the features being sanctified by the gracious sweetness of the expression; the clustering hair falls on either side from the noble brow, and is entwined with a circle of oak-leaves, one uplifted arm holding the fame-wreath of laurel, the other grasping a sword, beneath which sits the lion. Skins clothe the vast body to the hips; solemn folds of massive drapery, passing off the large symmetry of the limbs to the feet. The material difficulties attendant upon the casting were very great. A plaster figure being obtained from the original model, casts of different portions were taken in a clay so prepared as to stand the intense heat of the melted bronze. Both Stiglmayer, who is since dead, and Ferdinand Müller, his son-in-law and successor, devoted themselves to the accomplishment of this work, without regard to the days and nights of danger and toil that were spent in the melting the required quantities. On the 11th of September, 1844, King Ludwig and a large assembly, being present, the first portion of the casting—the head—was hoisted from the pit, and pronounced completely successful; the rest was cast in four pieces, and in the July and August of 1848, the whole was conveyed to its ultimate destination on the plain, with procession, festivity, and thanksgiving; but the shouts of the people caused no vibration in the still hearts of the three who, by a strange fatality, before this hour of triumph, had been stilled by the power of death—Schwanthaler, Stiglmayer who first undertook the labours of the casting, and Lazarini, the assistant of the sculptor. These never witnessed the final recognition of their toil, the result of which the now ex-king, on the 9th of October, 1850, was to present to the nation in its revealed perfection; and the hearts and hands of his people answered the regal munificence, by each, in his own calling, achieving with all his skill some sign of his trade on the same scale as the royal gift. It was a carnival of fun that took possession of the great Platz near the Wittelsbacher Palace, where the *Fest Wagens* for this pageantry were, at nine o'clock on the Wednesday morning, to collect for procession. Long before that time every window was crowded with heads, and gathering multitudes pressed forward to be merrily astonished at the first arrival; for approaching through the sunlight, towered the immense distaff of a colossal spinning-wheel, supported on the car of the weavers, tailors, cloth-workers, &c.; richly-coloured silks and stuffs waved their brightness in the wind, and the tools and parts of the machinery they employed, contrasted with the green fir branches and foliage, with which every waggon was rendered festal. A giant's sword is now cleaving the air, grasped at its solid hilt by a mailed hand; it is the achievement of the armourers and cutlers. On either side this car is a star of glittering sharpness, curiously wrought of sabres, daggers, and knives of various forms and sizes. Now a brilliant red against the blue brightness of the sky attracts attention. It is the lining of the sandal, made to the measure of the foot of the Bavaria, large enough to form a roomy cradle for a child. Saddlers, tanners, and furriers have united in its further furnishing, as saddles, muffs, and various skins attest. The inhabitants of the suburb of the Vorstadt-Au sent a model, executed with great exactness, of the church King Ludwig built for them in 1831, and adorned with nineteen painted windows, little inferior to those presented by him to the Cathedral of Cologne. On each side of the body of the car were lozenge compartments, on the blue grounds of which white lilies were painted, and scrolls entwined among the branches told the "gratitude of the people of the Au to their beloved King Ludwig the First of Bavaria." Now approach gaily caparisoned horses, drawing a pavilion of Byzantine form, the round arches bordered with gold and coloured ornament, from the inside of which fell rich draperies of Tyrian purple, shadowing the interior, where was placed the bust of the ex-king. The locksmiths'

work now appeared, a huge lion, gilt, and holding between his glittering fangs an enormous key. Ideas of hunger and thirst, relish and flavour, are now awakened among the spectators by the jolly appearance of some ten feasters, who, seated in the wagon of the hotel keepers, are busy at a long table, served by merry waiters and waitresses, gratifying their appetites with active devotion; all around the van, and hanging even from the roof, are patés, solid pies, savoury meats, plump pheasants and partridges, rabbits, hares, and geese; while on shelves encircling each corner post sparkled bottles of various good liquors, but the corks are drawn, and the barrels broached, in constant hospitality, not only to those within, but heartily shared with the crowd around. The car of the bakers and confectioners now came in sight, with shaking Christmas trees of coloured bonbons, a great "birth-day" cake for the Bavaria, and a pyramid garlanded with varied forms of bread. The quiet of the car of the sculptors and artists now told amongst the gaiety of the Platz. Schwanthaler's statue of their revered and royal patron caught the sunlight reflected through the quivering leaves of the branches that formed a light canopy, springing at each corner from a sculptured lion, and on either side were female figures typical of painting and sculpture. This was attended by a procession in short loose coats of blue velvet, tightly fitting white hose, and Florentine caps of the middle ages; the horses were caparisoned with the same colour, embroidered with silver. The offerings of the porcelain works and potteries formed a lovely gathering of symmetrical forms—tall vases and ewers, and productions in terra cotta; and among the quiet duns, pale browns, and orange-reds, were the brilliant colours of the dress of a child, who was seated under the dark of the fir branches. But the taste of the people had enabled them to create symmetrical wholes, and entrap lines of grace to beautify the commonest materials; so the general and pork butchers had united to idealize their sausages, which hung in a contrast of grey and brown round the solid centre tower of hams, saveloys, and tongues, the whole garnished with bright green, and the many hues of flowers. At each corner of the wagon a pretty child held with a scarlet cord two young white lambs; and the butchers, with new aprons fastened at the sides, and hatchets in their hands, walked on either side the six fat oxen whose horns were garlanded and harness-twisted with the Bavarian colours. The joiners' model house next appeared with its uncovered joists, and the roof-tree at the end, which German workmen raise when they have come to the conclusion of this portion of their work. The carpenters' team drew along a miniature shop, with their planes and saws, and the tools of their trade, garnished with fluttering ribbons of blue-and-white, and waving flags. The millers' and corn-factors' wagon was laden with full sacks, to be afterwards distributed among the poor, over which, raised upon centre poles, ears of wheat bound together by coloured bands, waved in their slender grace to the gentle motion of the wind. Nearer to the plain there was a crowd as of a chorus of the agricultural peasants of the stage, only that the healthy winds had painted the freshness of their cheeks. Their dress consisted of green braces, and knots for the shoulder and knees, short black full breeches, ample shirt sleeves, and tight stockings of unsullied white, strong shoes of the old form, when yellow leather was employed, and straw hats with ribbons of the same colour. The men bore new rakes in their hands, the children offerings of choice fruit and vegetables, in baskets of graceful shape; their broad hats were twined with vine branches, and the abundant hair of the little girls fell over green bodiced aprons and white frocks. Two strong fellows supported on their shoulders a great branch, bent with the weight of a bunch of grapes, each grape some ten inches in diameter. The wagon itself had a centre, built of every hue of prize vegetables, and all round dahlias, roses, and marigolds in brilliant abundance, even the wheels

were studded with them, and everywhere branches of trees, and the creeping loveliness of vine, hop, and ivy. The avowed road leading to the Theresien Weise was quite dry now, and strewn with crackling autumn leaves, that sometimes rose with a rustling whirl, and passed across some of the swarming faces that merrily topped the palings and rude gates. People streamed on the wayside, and those who had not yet ventured out, leant from the many windows. From the parlour to the attic casement some face was to be seen; if care or discontent had paled and wrinkled any one of those, the sight now seen coming down the turn of the road seemed to attest to the efficacious jollity of at any rate one calling in this life, that of the making and selling of beer—stalwart fellows, smiling in the rubicund content of good cheer, bore the brewing utensils of this felicitous trade,—and a herald trumpeted lustily, nearly breaking the silver strap round his fat chin. The dazzling magnificence of this man reposed upon the strongest of a team of six horses, each of which had thrown over him an equally gay saddle-cloth. These drew a wagon in which was reared a *Bock-mug*, so large, a man might have been shut down in it. *Bock* is a confusing mixture, of a flavour uniting punch and the sweetness of strong ale, in which the Germans, at certain parts of the year, drown their troubles, its operation being so rapid, as to save the trouble and inconvenience of having to drink a great deal. This great flagon was of beautiful design, the jutting of barrel heads forming a projecting moulding, hop and other devices enriching it with emblematic intricacies even to the lid. Upon the meadow, all around the grey concealing screen before the Bavaria, opposite which was erected the pavilion for the ex-king, there was hardly standing room upon the now terribly-trodden terraces. The tent of his son, King Maximilian, would not be occupied to-day, he and his queen having quitted Munich at the beginning of the week; but to the shouts of the people, the thunder of the cannons, and the sounds of the military bands, Otho, King of Greece, ascended the steps with his father. Carriage after carriage rolled up the arena, and King Ludwig was soon surrounded by royal personages, and others of this description of importance. A large space before the tent was preserved clear for the procession, which began to pass in accordance with the following programme: First, a cavalcade of musicians, themselves and horses in emblematic costumes; next, the *fest-wagen* from Haidhauser; then the *fest-wagens* of the various trades—the gardeners, green-grocers, and fruiterers coming first, followed by the millers and corn-factors—the bakers and confectioners—the butchers and pork-butchers—the brewers and coopers—and the hotel-keepers; then came another rank of musicians, in black blouses, white trousers, and their hats wreathed with oak; then the *fest-wagens* again—the weavers, tailors, and cloth-makers, coming first, followed by the shoemakers, saddlers, furriers, tanners, comb and brushmakers, and hatters, and by the armourers and cutlers; then the second wagon from Haidhauser, (a place about two miles from Munich, and the wagon from the suburb of the Vor-stadt-Au. Then the Munich singing societies, for which the artists here are renowned, and the aid of which is never forgotten in any festival; then another rank of musicians, followed by a procession of builders; then the *fest-wagens* again, commencing with that of the masons and joiners, followed by those of the stone-cutters,—the carpenters and coppersmiths,—the locksmiths,—the tinnmen,—the *wagen* from the potteries,—the *wagen* of the decorators and paper-hangers,—of the cabinet-makers,—the turners,—and the belt and epaulette-makers; then came the music company of the workmen of the bronze foundry; and lastly, the *fest-wagen* of the artists and sculptors. It was fortunate I had had a closer inspection of the Duht Platz, for few could tell, as they saw these enormous drolleries careering out in the sunlight, or passing before the crowded pavilion, what

good reason the King had for his gestures of delight and appreciation, which were called forth not only by the gratitude and warm love—none the less because it was exhibited through a masque of fun—but by the skilful excellence of the workmanship in all. The shows were now drawn away to that portion of the field where they were to remain till five o'clock for the further amusement of the crowd, who now began to thrill and become quiet under the expectation of the great event of the day. The temporary screen concealing the Bavaria was seventy feet in height and forty in width. Ropes had been fastened to the upper portion, which stretched across the ground below, so contrived as to admit of its being speedily and safely lowered. Every one now pressed backwards, leaving these cables free, in a large circular space—the singing choir and the workmen had gone up the bank and entered behind the scaffolding. There was a long pause of awe-struck stillness; the low whisper of a child would have been heard among the crowd—each one held his breath, many among those silent thousands with the thick oppression of the memory of the dead. The painful intensity of the hush was at last broken by the hollow strokes of a hammer echoing from the timbers—again a pause—voices of the workmen answering each other quick and low; there was a trembling of the whole frame-work, the tension of the cables was relaxed, and, gradually lowered and lowering, the scattered timbers crashed among the stones of the bank—and the great Bavaria was unveiled! The harmonies of the singers rose upon the air in one hymn of praise, and the people broke forth into great shoutings, when they saw the gigantic beauty of the work—the colossal head bent down in merciful benignity. The sunlight rested on the mighty shoulder and vast breast—then, passing lower, shone with so brilliant a force upon one selected point, that the dazzled eye did not recognise till it had somewhat faded, that the strange glitter had been upon the sword-hilt. Teichlein, the painter, from the steps of the pedestal, pronounced an oration in honour of the King. Soon the people turned away—the first buzz and murmur became again loud clatter and festivity—all the plain was in busy motion—each one went his own way; some in an hour forgot the momentary influence of this work of years—while some, with awe-struck souls, thought of how tall these, careless in their renewed merriment, or apathetic in indifference, must pass away speedily through decay into dust, and that among the ruins of the city, the Bavaria would still tower, from the silence of the plain, through the long nights of ages yet to come that prelude the Divine mystery!

FRANCE.

Paris, Thursday.

VARIOUS publications respecting Joan d'Arc,—

"The holy maid,

Who by a vision sent to her from heaven,"

(as Shakspeare makes the Bastard of Orleans say,) was ordained—

"To drive the English forth the bounds of France!"

have just been made. One is chiefly occupied by her private life, and proves her (to quote old Will again)—

"A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought!"

Another dwells on her belief in the sanctity of her mission, and demonstrates that the poor girl, having a strong imagination, or perhaps having been visited by some singular hallucination, devoutly fancied herself—

"Chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth."

A third is chiefly taken up with her martial exploits, and shows that, contrary to the general belief, she did not hesitate in combat to put the foe to death with her own hand. But what has most pleased me is an elaborate examination of her trial, condemnation, and execution, inasmuch as it

completely exonerates the English from the odium of having had hand or part therein. She was tried by the Holy Inquisition,—condemned by the Inquisition—executed by the Inquisition. The charges against her were purely and wholly ecclesiastical; her trial was conducted in the pure ecclesiastical form, just as those of any other suspected sorcerer, witch, or heretic; and in virtue of ecclesiastical laws she was sentenced and burned. The English had no more to do with her trial than with the condemnation of Socrates. If she had never defeated them—never fallen into their hands—her fate would have been the same. Not the slightest trace of their participation is to be discovered in any of the proceedings, or even in any one of the numerous interrogations to which she was subjected. She was a victim to the atrocious fanaticism of her time, and nothing more; her judges and executioners, her own countrymen, blinded by fanaticism, saw in her only the dabbler with evil spirits, and thought not of her glory or patriotism; and in no respect whatsoever were they the instruments of the English. All this, I am aware, is well known to the historical student; but it is not the less gratifying to find it stated, admitted, and loudly proclaimed by a French writer, who has taken the trouble (the first time it has ever been thoroughly done) to examine and sift technically the *procès-verbaux*, the testimonies of witnesses, the interrogatories of the accused, the recorded evidence, in a word, all the multitudinous papers connected with this extraordinary case. Hitherto almost all French historians have, either directly or indirectly, cast on the English the moral responsibility of this abominable judicial assassination; foreign writers have done the same; and even the English themselves, from over-tenderness of conscience or from ignorance, have submitted to the imputation. But henceforth this cannot be; the French themselves are now constrained to admit that not one drop of the heroine's blood falls on the English head.

M. de Sainte-Beuve, the eminent critic and academician, has just published an article on Madame de Genlis. He dwells at some length on the curious system of education she adopted with Louis Philippe, and of the effect it had on his conversation and conduct in after life. He says that the ex-King knew a good deal of almost every possible subject, and talked of it not only with volubility, but *en homme de métier*. Having a prodigious memory, his Majesty could constantly bring forward little facts which other people did not know or had forgotten; and M. Sainte-Beuve assures us that his vanity was highly gratified whenever he could make a display of this sort of knowledge. One day, he says, he and two other academicians had occasion to wait on the king, and though they only stopped with him five little minutes, his Majesty found occasion to tell them the date of the foundation of the "Académie de la Crusca," which neither of the three knew; and, says the writer, "*il n'était pas fâché de le dire.*"

The learned members of the *Académie des Sciences* have lately been racking their brains and wearying their tongues, in an attempt to decide what forms the centre of the earth—whether it be a globe of fire or a huge furnace, as some say—a perfect void, as others maintain—a solid substance, harder than granite, according to some—or a mass of water, according to others; in other terms, what was the earth at the very beginning of all—vapour, lava in fusion, or a solid body? or was it formed gradually from the outside to the centre, or the centre to the outside? and, if so, how, and of what? But notwithstanding all these discussions, they have, as was to be expected, led to no conclusion at all, and presented not the slightest prospect of leading to any—so that one of the *sarans* ventured to suggest to his colleagues that, for the future, they should be altogether dropped, as too speculative to be of the slightest scientific value.

The director of the observatory at St. Petersburg, M. Kupffer has applied to the French government to establish a number of stations in

different parts of the country for taking meteorological observations, with the view of aiding him in the vast studies he has been for some time past making, respecting the climates of different countries. In England and Germany it appears such stations have been formed, and have proved of great utility. Before complying with M. Kupffer's request, the government has requested the opinion of the Académie des Sciences on the subject. It cannot, I should imagine, be otherwise than favourable.

The official notifications respecting the exhibition of pictures and sculpture have been placarded on all the walls. Artists must send their works to the Palais National from the 2nd to the 15th November. The exhibition is to commence on the 15th December. The exhibitors themselves are to elect the jury of selection, each exhibitor naming any one he may think fit. The preparations for the exhibition at the Palais National are proceeding rapidly; a special building of lath and plaster is being erected in the court-yard for the sculpture. The first exhibition of the kind which ever took place in France was in 1673; and singular to relate it was held in the court-yard of the Louvre. The first time a selecting jury was formed was in 1745. After the Revolution of 1848 the jury was abolished, and everybody was allowed to exhibit; but this was found to be impracticable for the future, and the present system of the artists electing the jury themselves came into operation the following year. For upwards of a century, the members of the Académie de Peinture et Sculpture enjoyed the exclusive privilege of exhibiting.

Although the censorship on theatrical pieces has been re-established in even more than its wonted strictness, the prefect of police does not think it sufficient. He has recently directed the commissaries of police (there is one in every theatre every night) to pay particular attention to every performance, and to notify to him if there be anything "in the words, style, play, or costume of the actor, or in the applause or disapprobation of the public," which may appear politically objectionable. This proceeding of the prefect has caused profound dissatisfaction in the theatrical circles:—"the censorship itself," it is said, "was humiliating enough, but it is almost intolerable for author and actor to feel that a police spy, with sharp ear and lynx-like eye, is listening to every word, and noting every gesture and grimace." So, however, it is ordered. But oh! what a strange sort of liberty is this of the Republic!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

MR. GODWIN has addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor elect, on the subject of improving the character of the annual city "show" on the 9th of November, and urging that some little invention and taste might be exercised upon it, in lieu of repeating year after year the same dull and effete routine. The rare and curious sources from which Mr. Godwin has selected notices of the pageant, and their similarity in general effect to the singular show described in the letters of our Munich correspondent, induces us to quote this portion of his letter at some length:—

"The mayor's 'riding' or 'show' appears to have originated by the provision in the charter granted to the city by King John, in May, 1214, that every new mayor should be presented to the king for approbation. The earliest show of which we have any mention is that recorded by Matthew Paris, as taking place in 1236, when Henry III. was king. The first recorded exhibition by the trades of London in the ceremony took place in 1298. The water-procession was introduced at least as early as 1436. Besides the usual procession a scenic spectacle afterwards came to be introduced under the title of a *pageant*. The earliest notice of one of these yet found relates to the show of 1510. There is a printed account of speeches delivered by the characters in the pageant of 1585, from which it may be inferred that an emblem was then exhibited, setting forth the excellencies of London, 'rich and fortunate.'"

"I need not say, as a mimic Sir William Walworth was made to say in the fishmongers' pageant on Lord Mayor's Day, 1616:—

"Now, worthy lord, there is imposed on me
A briefe narration of each severall Shew
Provided for this triumph:—"

but I will allude cursorily to one or two of them, to recall the elaborate character of the shows at that time. Thus, in the pageant for 1613, 'The Triumphs of Truth,' for the majority of Sir Thomas Middleton, in Cheapside appeared 'London's Triumphant Mount,' veiled by a mist, cast over it by Error's friends, Barbarism, Ignorance, Impudence, and Falsehood,—four monsters with clubs. At the command of Truth the mist vanished, the cloud suddenly rose, and changed into a bright spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars. In the midst sat London, with Religion, Liberty, Knowledge, Fame, and Meekness. The pageant moved on; Error again threw London into a mist, and the clever machinist again dispelled it, to typify the power of truth.

"The pageant of 1617 set forth 'The Tryumphs of Honor and Industry,' and might be taken for a foreshadowing of what is to happen in 1851. In the course of it, Industry declared the joy she diffuses to the world, and introduced the 'pageant of several nations' to honour the mayor, wherein figured an Englishman, Frenchman, Irishman, Spaniard, Turk, Jew, Dane, Poland, Barbarian, and Russian.

"Several years afterwards, too, amongst other curious devices, a figure was set up at Foster-lane, habited in the manner and fashion of several nations which trade with Europe, and was made to say:—

"Although my shape may seem ridiculous,
Unseitable, rude, and incongruous,
Contente me not; there's nothing that I wear
About me but some relation bear
To the costumes of those countreys with whom
You traffique in all parts of Christendome."

"This was the Industrial Exhibition of 1651. The majority of the pageants were fanciful rather than instructive, but still had thought and skill in them. Men of wit were engaged to devise them, and skilful mechanists and carvers to execute. Inigo Jones did not think it beneath him to apply his inventive powers in the preparation of similar devices for the Court. 'Invented and fashioned, with the ground and speciall structure of the whole worke, by our kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect, Inigo Jones,' appears in varied words on the title page of several pageants. 'In these things,' says Samuel Daniel, who wrote the words for one in 1610, as Ben Jonson had done before, 'wherein the only life consists in show, the art and invention of the architect gives the greatest grace, and is of most importance.'"

"It was a common practice to symbolize the company to which the Mayor belonged; also, to pun poorly on his name. Thus, in a city pageant, in 1415 (though not Lord Mayor's Day), when Henry V. returned from Agincourt, because John Wells was Mayor, the whole show was

"Devised notably indele
For to accordyne with the Mayors name;"

and three wells which ran wine were exhibited at the conduit in Chepe. So, too, in 1616, when Mr. John Leman was Mayor, 'A leman tree in full and ample forme' made part of the pageant.

"In the 'riding' of 1672, the progenitors of Gog and Magog in Guildhall* marched in the van. In earlier times giants always formed part of such processions, not merely in London, but elsewhere,—as in Spain, Antwerp, Chester, Salisbury, Coventry, &c.

"The last Lord Mayor's pageant publicly performed, says Mr. Fairholt, was seen by Queen Anne, in 1702. Pageants were devised for the show in 1708, Elkannah Settle being the laureate; but these were not exhibited, in consequence of the death of the queen's husband, and after that date the Mayor's show dwindled to what it now is, and has exhibited few variations since. In 1751 the ancient pageantry was, for the last time, revived by Sir Samuel Fludger. The present state-coach was brought into use four years previously.

In 1822 Alderman Heygate introduced the three knights; Alderman Lucas, in 1837, had two colossal figures of wicker-work, representing Gog and Magog; and Alderman Pirie, in 1841, introduced an ancient feature, in the shape of a model of a ship, which has been since repeated."

Mr. Godwin thinks, with Thomas Middleton (1613), that "some 'art and knowledge, equal to the liberality of the City, should be displayed in the invention of their pageants,' and that it would be matter for great regret if so interesting and ancient a proceeding as the Lord Mayor's triumphal 'riding' were abandoned. He would raise it out of the monotonous and prosaic routine into which it has fallen, by the introduction, among other changes, of emblems and works of art, accordant with its ancient character, and worthy of the present time. In lieu of the men in mock armour, who have had a long run, or with them, reforming their costume, say three compositions typical of manufactures, agriculture, and the arts might be introduced; and do honour, if it were but by a series of banners, to the great minds that have taught and raised the world, and to the past

* "Anciently called Gogmagog and Corineus. The history of these figures is very curious."

worthies who have specially served, adorned, or otherwise improved the City."

THE CYCLE.

WE all know the numerous set of penny a-line paragraphs which periodically return in the newspapers after seasons of repose and oblivion, and are to younger readers quite as good as new. But there are also real facts sufficiently curious to establish almost a system like that of comets: thus, for example, we have just now an outcry about altering the roof of Westminster Hall, and exactly a hundred years ago we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on the same subject:—

"Say, shall the attribute divine, justice herself, be stripped? her grandest room the object of a job? Say, shall her covering all be torn away? Corruption tie her hands, and yield her nothing but the paltry slates to drizzle every shower on her head, and perish all her works?"

"The roof of Westminster Hall, the finest of its kind in the whole world, 100 feet wide, and 300 feet long, which for many hundred years has been covered with lead, is already partly ript for the inspection of the b—d of w—, and the whole roof is to be covered with slates. The pretence for this extraordinary job is, that the roof will not bear the weight of the lead, because the roof is become weaker than ever, by being lately pinn'd up, and secured with bars and plates of iron, and the lead is much heavier than when first laid on. Some of the lead is to be accounted for; the expense of slating will amount to a very few thousand pounds, and a great number of poor men will be employed, not only every vacation, but every year all the year round; for to replace a single slate, there must be such ladders as will pull down hundreds."

From the same authority we copy the history of a Quill, which, from what it must have seen (if possessed of common intelligence) might have communicated most invaluable information to the medical profession:—

"About the middle of this month a poor labouring man, and tenant to Francis Gore, Esq., in the county of Clare in Ireland, who wanted to vomit, put the feather of a master quill into his throat, to make him puke; but accidentally the whole quill got into his stomach, which put him to great pain; but Mr. John Lyons, a gentleman who had heard of it, had so much presence of mind, as to order a pistol bullet to be immediately bored through, and put a string into the hole, which he made him swallow, and by rolling him round several times, one way, the thread twisted round the quill, and then he drew it up, with the quill, which had been four or five hours in the stomach, without any damage."

MUSIC.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Grand National Concerts.—Notwithstanding the doubts which were entertained by many of the possibility of concluding the arrangement, by Tuesday, the direction, faithful to promise, exerted itself so effectually that the theatre, although not perfectly finished, was prepared to receive the vast multitudes which thronged every quarter. Soon after the opening of the doors the promenade was densely crowded, and the utmost confusion prevailed in all quarters—from the numbers endeavouring to reach their destinations, and from the box-keepers not being perfectly acquainted with the destined localities of the various admissions. In a comparatively short time order was restored, and we were in a sufficiently comfortable position to observe the new decorations of the theatre. The whole of the pit

* By the bye, the present liberal Lord Mayor, whose *fêtes* have been incessant, seems to have feasted every class that could be eligibly thought of at the Mansion House, except the Ornaments of Science and Literature, to whom Lord Mayor Johnston gave so splendid an entertainment.

and stage has been thrown into one vast promenade—the orchestra, which is of large dimensions, being placed in the centre. It is light and elegant in construction, and is surrounded on the top by a gilt open balcony, decorated on each side with various ornaments of gold; two busts of Beethoven and Rossini stand at either extremity of the front. The stage is enclosed in the form of a tent—the hangings are of geranium, intersected with panels of white and gold; the extremity is ornamented with three large panels, the centre one containing the device of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, surmounted by a crown; on the one side are the Prince of Wales's feathers, on the other the initial of Prince Albert, surmounted by the Coburg coronet. *Buffets*, for refreshments, are on each side, and various statues of Canova are placed in suitable situations, and present a very elegant appearance. The whole of the promenade was densely crowded, and it was computed that there were above two thousand persons in it—we therefore take this as the number it will contain, not, however, conveniently. The pit and grand tiers of boxes remain, but the two upper tiers are thrown into double rows of stalls; the colour of the hangings is a delicate geranium, covered with a material resembling *guipure*, the draperies are caught-up by a light blue and gold bow, which affords an agreeable relief to the ground-work.

The orchestra is, beyond question, the finest ever heard in this country, whether the number or the individual excellence of the performers be considered. Its potency was manifested in the rendering of the overture to *William Tell*. The several solos were exquisitely delivered, and the force brought to bear on the last movement was tremendous. Beethoven's Concerto, in E flat, for the pianoforte, with full orchestral accompaniments, was played by M. Charles Hallé, whose reading of the works of the illustrious master is full of high intelligence and poetical feeling. We regretted that the entire work was not given. The Executive Committee may have full faith in the musical taste and judgment of the middle classes, and we trust that every work that may be thought worthy of being presented, will in future be given in its integrity. Balfe's introductory overture is well instrumented, but wants originality. The coda, however, is brilliant and effective. A very excellent selection from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, arranged by L. Negri, affords scope for the exhibition of the rare talents of Herr Molique on the violin, and for Baumann and Arban on the bassoon and cornet-à-pistons. Beethoven's symphony, the "Eroica," has been played in a style worthy the text of the great inventor. The rendering of this mighty work places the Grand National Concerts far above the boastings of the old Philharmonic. The programmes during the week have been selected with much judgment. The playing of Sainton, Cooper, and Herr Molique is of the loftiest school, and has been worthily appreciated by crowded audiences. Richardson, as usual, is the pet soloist of the multitude, and created a positive frenzy by the performance of Drouet's famous variations on "Rule Britannia." A Master Heinrich Werner essayed Liszt's fantasia on airs from *Norma*, but was so terrified by the sight of the audience, that he lost all command of the instrument. We are, therefore, in no position to form a positive opinion on his merits. Mdlle. Angri has been received with enthusiasm; and Madame Biscacciatti, who made her *début*, has a soprano voice of brilliancy and extent, and executes vocal difficulties with certainty and facility. We await with anxiety the performance of Macfarren's new work, "The Sleeper Awakened." The success of the Grand National Concerts is assured, and the production of the promised new works will earn for them a high reputation throughout Europe.

The programme for Monday evening, which we observe in our advertising columns, contains several classical *morceaux*, calculated to maintain the repute of the concerts, on the execution of which we shall report in our next number.

THE DRAMA.

The theatrical season has set in with more than its usual intensity. The several managements during the vacations have been enlisting new recruits—authors perfecting new dramas, scene-painters designing new scenes, and machinists inventing new effects. The Haymarket, the Lyceum, the Princess's, and the Olympic, have marshalled forth their various *battalia*, and are in the field, exercising their forces, seeking to gain in bloodless rivalry a victory and a triumph. This is the true battle of Peace, for the fight is of the intellect, not of the sword, and the victor's wreath, though not of the laurel, is of the bays—the true Green Baize. The members even of the Peace Society will not object to this internecine war, and the commanders rest their hopes, unlike other commanders, upon the amount of cheques they may receive during their campaigns. And truly the drama is to us full of cherished memories, and rich in golden hopes, for we are full of hope, despite those who preach up its decadence, and descendant in set terms upon its present desecration. We have an abiding faith in its destinies, and do not doubt even of the assistance of the "higher powers" to promote its advancement, for in the adjustment of the social scheme the consideration is not merely how to preserve a balance of power abroad, but how to elevate a people at home. The question is, whether or not the drama should be considered as holding an equal rank with political institutions, and entitled to the grave attention bestowed upon all subjects and measures devised for the benefit of the nation. History itself is but a drama in many acts. Incident succeeds incident—scene follows scene—plot thickens upon plot—and as Fate, the great dramatic author of the whole, disposes of character after character, new personages are continually introduced, and fresh interests are created. The truth told, the drama is but the maturity of childhood's pastime,—

"The bright meridian of a golden sun,"

and yet it supplies the deficiencies of history, and by representing the probable with the actual, entertains the fancy while aiding in that great research into incident on which our well-doing and happiness so much depend. Hence a perfect dramatic production is the sublimest evidence of human genius. It is the master-piece of mind—the highest reflex of the soul and feeling—and the most majestic of all the imperishable representations furnished us of the images of intellect. The tendency of the drama is to elevate a people, to refine its taste, confirm and improve its experience, enlarge the understanding, correct the judgment, enlighten the mind, awaken the feelings, and purify the principles. It must paint the beauties of Fiction with the fairy tints of Nature, and blend both so as to prevent the picture from betraying itself as artificial. It must convey the poetry of thought, the simplicities of expression, and while revelling in the regions of Fancy, should never lose sight of the polar star of Truth.

It renders vivid the images faintly shadowed forth in the adumbrations of history, and renders us familiar with those springs of action by which we are enabled to reconcile the seeming inconsistencies of human nature. It brings into contrast the characters of different nations and periods, and concentrates the maxims of philosophy into a space so brief, so terse, so pregnant, that an impression is made upon the memory never to be effaced. It contains within its united action the history of individuals and the incidents of an epoch—the customs of a community, and the peculiarities of a class—the experience of veterans—the lore of sages, and the profoundest views of what might, ought, could, and should be. The combinations of the faculties for the fulfilment of all these requisitions in the production of one and the same piece of literature, must, of course, be rare, and when possessed, must mark the creator as a planet of the seventh heaven. Such was Shakspeare and others

of the starry host composing the bright systems of dramatic literature. They are the acknowledged heads of the intellectual world, and their powers were devoted to reach the vantage ground of their country's gratitude. To teach, delight, and improve are the provinces of several arts. The dramatist unites them—he makes each spectator feel himself an actor in the world's history. He brings that to view which, only heard, would not be comprehended—he gilds our period of rest, and pours into the cup of enjoyment an orient pearl, which imparts a value unsuspected. With the Priest he preaches—with the Physician prescribes—with the Wit amuses—with the Poet enchants—with the Scholar teaches—with the Politician legislates, and with the Ornament of Humanity adorns.

Haymarket Theatre.—The Little Theatre in the Haymarket, both from its antiquity and zeal in the good cause of the Drama, claims precedence of its younger brethren. The management has seldom departed from the true purposes of the drama. It has sought in evil days to uphold the dignity of the stage, and has pursued its honourable career amidst the influx of foreign attractions and domestic rivalry. The greatest actors have earned their chiefest honours on its boards, and many of our best comic writers have here first plumed their wings. How many of the bright spirits that were wont to keep audiences in a roar, or have excited the sympathies by their tragic pathos, have departed from the mortal scene. Not to revert to the many great ones of the stage who flourished years ago—how many deserved favourites of the public have left this mortal coil within a few short seasons! Amongst those who stood foremost were Strickland, Mrs. Glover, and lastly Mrs. W. Clifford. These places will not be easily filled. Let us hope that their absence may be recompensed by new aspirants to histrionic honours. Here, Foote amused and Colman flourished. Here, Moreton and Reynolds, and Kemsey and Poole produced their most popular pieces; and here Liston and Mathews first made their bows to a metropolitan audience. And therefore it is we revert with a smart and bitter melancholy to the little theatre in the Haymarket. The present manager has worked with a spirit and loyalty worthy all commendation. He has spared neither money nor industry to render the theatre worthy a liberal patronage; and despite the new rivalries which have appeared, we have little doubt that he will receive the fair reward of his honourable and continuous exertions. The season commenced on Monday with Morris Barnett's comedy, *The Serious Family*, with some material changes in the distribution of the dramatic personages; the characters of *Lady Saverly Cranley*, originally acted by Mrs. Clifford, being entrusted to Mrs. Stanley, a clever actress, with a sepulchral voice,—and *Captain Murphy McGuire*, which was acted by Mr. James Wallack, being personated, with great gusto and infinite spirit, by Mr. Hudson, the best impersonator of Irish characters since the loss of poor Tyrone Power. The comedy, which has become a "stock-piece," has moulted no feather of its pristine popularity, and at its termination the entire company were thrice recalled before the curtain. The theatre has undergone a complete renovation, and presents a clean and agreeable aspect. A new box has been erected for the Queen by her express desire, which has been prepared with exquisite taste and splendour. The patronage of "the first lady of the land" is all-important, we might say vital, to the well-being of the stage, for in the wake of the Queen the aristocracy will follow. We have inspected the new box and retiring room, and they are quite worthy of the royal personages for whom they have been prepared. The former box was exceedingly inconvenient, and could only be reached by ascending a flight of narrow stairs, and, when occupied, afforded but a partial view of the stage. Her Majesty expressed a desire to have certain alterations made for her comfort. These were objected to by the proprietors of the theatre, and her Majesty sig-

nified her intention of no longer renting a box, and actually relinquished it. Mr. Benjamin Webster, the lessee, then came forward, and on being honoured by the expression of her Majesty's wishes, offered to devote for that purpose the two best boxes in the theatre, and to construct an ante-room according to a plan which he submitted for approval. The offer was accepted and appreciated, and the result has been the construction of the most convenient, and perhaps the most elegant royal box, ante-room, and approaches ever executed. The royal entrance is now, as before, by the principal door in Suffolk-street. The passage is level, the old stairs being removed, and the walls on either side are draped with crimson damask, the light proceeding from two splendid glass chandeliers. At the extremity is a door, entirely composed of looking-glass, reflecting an interminable perspective of the entrance. This leads to the ante-room, which by the device of all the corners being round, the eye is carried onward without an angle to arrest it. The large mirrors are let into the wall in such situations as to reflect the decorations without fatiguing the sight, by being always in view. The decorations consist of light Pompeian pilasters, forming panels all around, and enlaced by wreaths of flowers and foliage. The ceiling is of sky-blue, and the box is gorgeously adorned with rich mouldings and crimson velvet, and exhibits views of several scenes, painted from sketches afforded by her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Several new engagements have been effected, and various novelties are in active preparation. The vaudeville performances of Mr. Macready will commence in the course of the week, and these, even if unassisted by other aids, will secure full houses and a plethoric treasury.

The *Royal Lyceum*, with Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews as its head, re-opened on Wednesday with considerable spirit. The theatre was inaugurated with two new pieces, evidently written with a special view to the peculiar talents of the company. The names of Vestris and Charles Mathews are in themselves a host—the lady being not only renowned for unapproachable excellence in a certain line of characters, but as possessing the most *recherché* taste in the production of the dramas submitted to her control. To Madame Vestris we stand indebted for the improvements which have now obtained in all that regards completeness and splendour of stage decoration and propriety of costume. The old anachronisms are no more, and the scenic accessories no longer annoy the eye by their coarse inappropriateness. Charles Mathews is an actor *per se*, bright, mercurial, and with a rapidity of speech rivaling an electric telegraph. For these artists have the pair of new novelties been prepared. The first is a comedy in two acts, called *Serve Him Right!* full of whim, bustle, fun, brilliant writing, and pointing withal an admirable moral. The construction is ingenious, and the situations unexpected and striking. Mr. Frank Bellamy (Mr. Charles Mathews) is a gentlemanly *roué*, with the most prepossessing and agreeable manners, and an income of two thousand a-year. He has, moreover, a taste for making love to married women, and the first scene introduces us to the object of his solicitations and her family. Her husband, *Shuttleworth*, the sick merchant, is a man of a philanthropic disposition, and one rather inclined to believe in the perfectibility of human nature, and in the preponderance of the good over the bad. It is, therefore, in vain that his sister, Mrs. Charity Smith (Mrs. Frank Mathews), warns him of the attentions paid to his wife by Mr. *Greenfinch*, an unsophisticated friend whom Frank Bellamy has put forward to draw the observation of the family from his own attentions to those of his friend. The family having an engagement at a certain hour, known to Bellamy, he takes the opportunity of their momentary absence to make a declaration to Mrs. *Shuttleworth*; this is unluckily overheard by Mrs. Smith, and the only possible method of getting out of the misfortune is to declare that all he had said

applied to *Julia*, the sister of Mrs. *Shuttleworth*; thus he is unwittingly drawn into a proposal of marriage to one whom he admires, although without intentions of a serious nature, and to whom he has paid attention in order that his frequent visits might not be deemed peculiar. He is materially helped to the attainment of matrimonial bliss by the exertions of his friend *Greenfinch*, to whom he has confessed that he loves *Julia* in order not to awaken suspicion of the truth, and the first act terminates with a wholesome moral reflection and determination to become a respectable married man. In the second act the moral of the piece becomes observable—every intrigue, every ingenious practice he has carried on, returns to him in its full intensity, and in almost every act he sees cause of suspicion that the same is being practised on his own wife. A bouquet with two white roses in the middle, in the libertine language signifies an assignation for two o'clock—a *billet doux* may be hidden under a pheasant's wing—in fine, there is no end to circumstances which give rise to suspicion, and scope to the comic ability of the impersonators. An affection existing between the valet of a neighbouring officer and the servant-maid gives rise to ludicrous mistakes, which are all finally cleared up, and *Bellamy*, after suspecting even the artless *Greenfinch*, thinking he has been "brought up in a good school," takes his charming wife to his arms, and completes the picture of blissful married life. Charles Mathews never acted with more spirit and refined intelligence. There was in the first act, in which he rejoices in all the independence of unthinking bachelorhood, a flow of perfect enjoyment that contrasted admirably with the subsequent doubts, jealousies, and irritability of his marital life. Hitherto Charles Mathews has interested himself with reflecting mere eccentricities of character; in the present comedy he has not only aimed at, but has reached a much higher position—that of an admirable comedian, capable of truthfully reflecting the various phases of passion without the aids of caricature or exaggeration. In many portions he strongly reminded us of Elliston. A capital embodiment of a modest-mannered, simple-minded, warm-hearted scholar is the *Joseph Greenfinch* of Mr. Robert Roxby. How full of dulcet devotion, how replete with kindness, how "green" to all the tricks and deceptions of his more enlightened and practised friend! It was capitally felt, and artistically brought out. Mrs. Frank Mathews, who is now a member of the company, acted with great unction, and Frank Mathews as a giggling silk merchant, with a large heart and a thick head, greatly assisted in promoting the success. A Mr. Suter, new to the London stage, exhibited a quiet and quaint humour in a small character called *Dicky Hobbs*. The comedy was applauded throughout, and at its termination, the author being called for, Mr. Charles Mathews announced it as the joint production of Mr. Morris Barnett and himself—adding, that the former gentleman "had made the pen, and that he had nibbed it." The second piece was a comedy in one act, *My Heart's Idol, or a Desperate Remedy*. The author is Mr. Planché. The present work is distinguished by especial neatness of dialogue, and if the plot may not boast of much novelty, it acts agreeably, and has the advantage of being illustrated by Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, and Mr. George Vining, who made his first appearance, and who will be found a most valuable accessory to the company. Count *Leopold von Rahlberg* (Mr. George J. Vining), is a young nobleman who speaks of a woman as if she were a horse, and who believes that nothing is wanting but perseverance and opportunity to make an impression on any female. One person alone at the court has resisted his importunities, all his letters but the first have been returned unopened; he accepts a wager from a friend, that in twenty-four hours he will produce a token of conquest from the lady in question, *Louise von Esselingen* (Miss Kenworthy); to attract her attention he engages his friend *Baron Borrows*

(Mr. Charles Mathews) in a duel, and pretends that the latter has slandered the lady. She loves *Leopold*—accepts his letter, a love circular which he always carries about him, and returns a note appointing to meet him. His letter to *Louise* is shown to the *Princess*, and *Leopold* is compelled at length to marry her. When he has signed the contract he sets off for Amsterdam—is followed by his wife, who is assisted by *Madame de Renstein* (Madame Vestris), and is at length reconciled to her. Some very amusing incidents occur between the conceited *Baron* and a lady to whom he has been secretly married. It was observable to most that the principal situations of the play were rather like those of *Demoiselles de St. Cyr*. Slender as is the plot, the elegance, and often poetic beauty of the dialogue, made much impression upon the audience. The character of the *Baron Borrows* afforded but small scope to Charles Mathews' abilities; that of *Madame de Renstein* was portrayed by Madame Vestris with great elegance and lady-like appreciation. Mr. George Vining deserves much praise for his impersonation of the *Count*. At the fall of the curtain the applause was mingled with some sibilation.

Olympic Theatre.—A new piece, or at least one as good as new, has been performed with deserved success at the Olympic, called *My Wife's Daughter*. It is a clever adaptation of a French play, *La Femme de Quarante Ans*, and the writer, Mr. Sterling Coyne, has evinced much tact and judgment in the appropriation. The scene takes place in a pleasant villa situated in the Regent's Park. Mrs. Stirling enacts the character of the *Femme de Quarante Ans*. She is married to a young and lively husband, to whom she has not discovered the fact that she is the mother of a grown-up daughter; she is therefore in the greatest state of alarm lest her husband should find out her secret. The youthful progeny, in consequence of a love affair, forsakes her school, and returns to the domicile of her mother, where, meeting her father-in-law, he conceals her in the library. The whole neighbourhood is immediately greatly concerned in the fact that there is a female hidden in the house. The wife grows insufferably jealous, and the servant, impersonated by Compton, treats the young lady in the most familiar manner. Mr. *Tejlanfe* (Farren), a gentleman in the vale of years, but married to a young wife, is persuaded by the *Femme de Quarante Ans* that it is his own wife who excites the universal commotion. When the young lady appears, the whole plot is of course cleared up, peace is restored to the entire family, and the young lady to her lover. Mrs. Stirling acted admirably; the anxiety and the various delicate changes of temper were artistically presented. Mr. Farren has a part well adapted to his style; and Mr. Henry Farren is making great improvement both in style and manner. Compton acted with exaggerated humour, and elicited loud applause. The drama was triumphant, and the author called for.

At the *Princess's Theatre*, the melodramatic play, *The Wife's Secret*, has, by the united talents of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and Mrs. Keeley, drawn crowded audiences.

VARIETIES.

Miss Biffin, the *Handless Miniature Painter*, born without hands or arms, died last week, in Liverpool, at the age of sixty-six. She manifested, in early life, a talent for drawing and painting, and was initiated in the first rudiments of the art by a Mr. Dukes, to whom she bound herself, by a written agreement, to give her time and exertions, and for that purpose she remained sixteen years in his house. She received a prize medal from the Society of Arts and Commerce, and was patronized by the last three kings, and by a large number of the nobility. The late Earl of Morton procured her an excellent master, and liberally forwarded her interests. For many years she supported herself by miniature-painting, but after the death of the Earl,

became much reduced in circumstances. Mr. R. Rathbone, a gentleman in Liverpool, whom many have reason to bless, interested himself in her case, and it was principally by his exertions that, a short time ago, a small annuity was purchased for her.—*Weekly News.*

Proposed Winter Exhibition of Art.—Several friends of art and artists have organized a winter exhibition of drawings and oil sketches by our best artists, under novel arrangements. All the drawings (about 300 in number) are to be of one of two fixed sizes, and mounted and framed, all alike, by the projectors. Means of effecting sales of works *bona fide* the property of the artist will be provided without charge. The gallery of the old Water Colour Society, Pall-Mall East, has been fitted up for the purpose, and will be opened in a few days.—*The Builder.*

The British Museum.—It is not always that the pet grievances of the Press are *clung upon* just foundations; and the readiness in many quarters to take up abuses, without being assured of their reality, tends to lessen efficiency where the matter truly demands denouncing. Thus, rejoicing in fact that the intended building of twelve feet high walls at the British Museum has been defeated, we are also pleased to see it confessed that the officers of that National Establishment (about the best abused men in London) at least had nothing to do with the design, which was entirely the architect's. *Fiat Justitia.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anatomical Remembrancer, fourth edition, 32mo, 3s. 6d.
Bedell's (E.) British Tariff, 1850-51, 12mo, cloth.
Birrell's (Rev. C. M.) Glimpse of Hayti, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Blank-Paged Bible, 8vo, cloth, 2s. (morocco, 3s.)
Bradley's Sacramental Sermons, third edition, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Brown's (Dr. J.) Exposition of our Lord's Intercessory Prayer, 8vo, cloth, 7s.
Churton's Early English Church, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Cooke's (T. W.) Hydrocephalus Reconsidered, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Cummings' (Dr.) Occasional Sermons, Vol. 2, 12mo, cl., 4s.
Euphonia, third edition, cloth, 2s.
Hamblenton's (J.) The Holy Scriptures, &c., 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Hemans' Records of Women, 12mo, cloth, 4s., sewed, 3s.
Hints towards Improvement of Liturgy, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Howard's History of the New Testament, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Kemp's (E.) How to lay out a Small Garden, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Library of Imaginative Literature, 3 vols., each 5s.
List of Proper Names occurring in the Old Testament, with their Interpretations, 8vo, cloth, 4s.
Lynch's (T. T.) Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Macdonald's (D. L.) Villa Verecchio, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Overton's (C.) Expository Lectures, Vol. 1, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Phillips's (Sir T.) Village Schoolmaster, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Prescott's Works, 10 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £3.
Sabine's Observations at Hobartton, Vol. 1, 4to, cloth, £2 2s.
Smyth's (Rev. C. B.) Sicilian Vespers, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Statutes, royal 8vo, 1850, 13s.
Thornton's (Rev. S.) Memoirs, second edition, 12mo, cl., 5s.
Tisley's New Stamp Act, second edition, 8vo, boards, 6s.
Wheeler's (J. A.) Handbook of Anatomy for Artists, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Wright's (T. G.) Report of Pestilential Cholera at the West Yorkshire Lunatic Asylum, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1850.	h. m. s.	1850.	h. m. s.
Oct. 19 . . .	11 45 5-9	Oct. 23 . . .	11 41 27-7
20 . . .	— 44 55-4	24 . . .	— 44 19-9
21 . . .	— 44 43-5	25 . . .	— 44 12-7
22 . . .	— 44 35-3		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have got before us a memorandum of "Arms," and motto, *sero sed serio*; but cannot call to mind for what purpose it has been submitted to us. The arg. chevron between three partridges, close, ppr., is more puzzling than a leash of birds.

What "Imon" calls for is exactly one of those pieces of verbiage and nonsense which we sedulously eschew.

The continuation of the poem, "Letters of Laura D'Auverne to Bertha," has failed us for this number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.— GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MONDAY, October 21.

PART I.

Symphonic in C minor	Beethoven.
Aria Buffa, Herr Jules Stockhausen, "Largo al factotum," <i>Il Barbiere</i>	Rossini.
Concerto, Violin, M. Molique	Molique.
Aria, Mdle. Angri, "Di Piacer," <i>La Gazza Ladra</i>	Rossini.
Valse, "La Douce Pensée," composed expressly for these Concerts	Carter.
Solo, Cornet-à-Pistons, M. Arban, "The Swiss Boy"	Arban.
Overture, <i>Zancla</i>	Auber.

PART II.

Overture, <i>The Isles of Fingal</i>	Mendelssohn.
Aria, Mdle. Angri, "No, no, no," <i>Huguenots</i>	Meyerbeer.
Duett, Mr. Gustavus Geary and M. Jules Lefort, <i>Massaniello</i>	Anber.
Fantasia, Violoncello, Signor Piatti	Piatti.
Grand Scena, M. Jules Lefort, "Questo dunque," <i>L'Idée Fixée</i>	Ferdi.
Aria, Mrs. Alexander Newton, "Gli angeli inferni"	Mozart.
Solo, Ophicleide, M. Prospero	Prospero.
Galop Furioso, (first time of performance)	Strauss.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Box stalls, one pair, 4s.; ditto, two pair, 3s. 6d.; half circle, ditto, 2s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 2s. 6d.; slip stalls, 1s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.; promenade, 1s. 6d.

Applications for private boxes and stalls to be made at the box-office; or to Messrs. Andrews, Allcroft, Leader and Cocks, New Bond Street; Mitchell, Hookham, and Ebers, Old Bond Street; Sams, St. James's Street; Cramer, Beale, and Co., and Bailey, Regent Street; Chappell, New Bond Street; and Dyte and Son, Strand.

The doors will be opened at half-past 7, and the concerts will commence at 8 o'clock, and terminate about 11.

N.B. It is respectfully announced that all persons attending the private boxes and the first and second tiers of box stalls will be required to appear in evening dress, and the public is most earnestly requested to assist in carrying out this regulation as far as may be practicable in all parts of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Thomas Masters of the Royal Polytechnic Institution and Colosseum, and the Royal Botanic and Royal Zoological Gardens, will supply the refreshments, wines, &c.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his Annual Series of Concerts will commence, at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, on FRIDAY, November 8th.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given at the commencement, instead of at the termination of the Concerts, and will take place on THURSDAY, November 7th.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

M. JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will take place, at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, on THURSDAY, November 7th, for which a most splendid decoration is in preparation.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

The CONCERTS will commence on FRIDAY, November 8th.

PREMIUM to SCULPTORS.— THE COUNCIL of the ART-UNION of LONDON, invite

Sculptors, who intend to submit models in competition for the premiums of £100 and £50, offered for a Statuette 20 inches high, to inform them of their intention under a motto or device, on or before Saturday the 26th inst., to enable the Council to make the necessary arrangements with the Royal Commissioners for the International Exhibition, for the reception of the models.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon.
LEWIS POCKOCK, } Secs.

444, West Strand, Oct. 17, 1850.

EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

—EXCURSIONS TO CAMBRIDGE AND BACK.—On each SUNDAY, during October, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Bishopsgate Station at 8.15 A.M., and return at 6 P.M. Fares to Cambridge and back—first class, 8s.; second class, 6s.; third class, 4s.

By order,

C. P. RONEY, Secretary.

Bishopsgate Station, October 1, 1850.

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